£25 FOR JONESES ONLY. See inside.

# SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY G. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 517. FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 26TH, 1898. [ONE PENNY.


"MATCHLESS"

WARNING TO LADIES.

BEWARE of POLISHES containing injurious ACIDS which RUIN your metals & SPOIL your HANDS.

TEST

TRY IT ON A PENNY.- Dab a small quantity of Polish on a penny & leave it overnight. If it contains ACID, it will turn quite green by the following morning. BUT "MATCHLESS" WON'T!

FREE FROM ACID, POISON, OR GRIT

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

METAL POLISH.

PATON, CALVERT & Co MANUFACTURERS, LIVERPOOL.

LYLE'S PURE SOLUBLE COCOA

GUARANTEED TO BE THE PRODUCT OF THE FINEST COCOA BEANS.

ABRAM LYLE & SONS LTD MAKERS OF LYLE'S GOLDEN SYRUP.

ALFOSCO REG. ALLEN FOSTER AND CO., ALFOSCO REG.

SOLE MAKERS OF THE

"ALFOSCO" JACKETS & COSTUMES.

The "ALFOSCO" JACKETS and CAPES are recommended by thousands of delighted customers, who acknowledge them to be GREATLY SUPERIOR in MAKE, STYLE, and VALUE to any Garments they have ever seen at anything approaching the same prices.

New Sketch Book of Fashions, Order Forms, and Patterns Post Free.

A Large Variety of Styles in our Famous Half-Guinea Indoor Costumes.

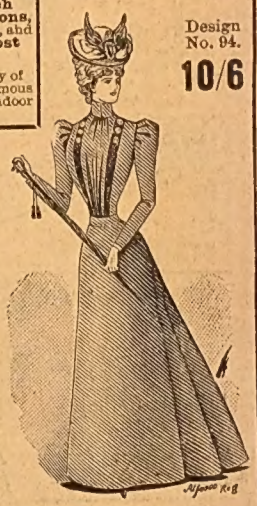
PATTERNS AND SKETCHES POST FREE.

Design No. 950. 6/11

Design No. 950. 6/11.

Great Value! Look at the Jackets! Look at the Price. Allen Foster & Co. offer to the Public a Special Line in this Jacket. Order at once. Price only 6/11 (carriage 6d. extra). The Jacket is made in heavy President Cloth, Black, Brown, and Green. In ordering give measurements round bust under arms.

Design No. 94. 10/6



Design No. 94. 10/6.

Velvet Trimmed Costume Consists of fashionably made Skirt and Bodice, tight fitting at back with full front, tastefully trimmed with Velvet and Buttons. Great Value for Money. This Costume is made in the Specialite Serge, all colours, 10/6; carriage paid, 6d. extra.

'XMAS, 1898.

AMAZING OFFER! FREE 'XMAS GIFT.

Allen Foster & Co. are presenting a DIAMOND BROOCH, consisting of seven beautifully cut imitation Diamonds, in chaste gilt setting, as a 'XMAS PRESENT to every purchaser of their goods mentioning this Journal.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS,

17 ROSCOE ST., GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.


Digitized by Google

HOMES BRIGHTER.

AS SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN

FOR ALL CLEANSING PURPOSES ~

THE GREAT DIRT EXTRACTER

IS "PERFECTION"

MAKES LINEN WHITE AS SNOW AND ALL CLOTHING SWEET AS NEW MOWN HAY.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

LABOURS LIGHTER.

The READIEST WRITER

. . THE . .

"RELIANCE" Fountain Pen,

Fitted with 14-carat Gold Nib (Iridium Tipped), Fine, Medium, or Broad Points.

Double Feed, Handsome Chased Vulcanite Holder.

THIS PEN WILL LAST FOR YEARS

EVERY PEN GUARANTEED.

WILL NOT GET OUT OF ORDER.

Sold at 10/6.

*We send this pen, complete in box, with filler and directions, post free for*

5/-

WONDERFUL VALUE.

THE RELIANCE PEN CO. LIMITED
26 IVY LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

*Reduced Facsimile*

REMEMBER, a 10/6 FOUNTAIN PEN for 5/-

*Agents Wanted.*

*Reduced Facsimile*

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

SIXTY YEARS' SUCCESS.

8, 14, or 33 stamps.
3 CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C

For Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Constipation,

Invaluable for Ladies.

8840

COMFORT, CLEANLINESS AND CURE

FOLLOW THE USE OF

Dr. PAUL'S WHITE PILE OINTMENT.

Gives ease at once and effectually removes Piles, Cracks, Fissures and Ulcerations.
In boxes 1/- & 2/6 each. Post free 1/2 & 2/9

PENN & CO., 89, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

The Best Hair Dye

in the World for Lashes, Eyebrows, and Hair on the Head, with Moustache and Beard. For Ladies' Hair and for all Colours. Had at 3s. 6d., post 3s. 9d., of ALEX. ROSS, 62 Theobald's Road, High Holborn, London, W.C. Spanish Cantharides for fallen hair, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d. & 10s. 6d.

MANDOLINES.

FINE ITALIAN MODELS, 13 Red Maple Ribs, **7s. 6d.**; Brown and White Ribs, **10s. 6d.**; GENUINE ITALIAN, with 15 Maple Ribs, **15s. 6d.**; ditto, 17 Rosewood Ribs, **17s.**; 19 Rosewood Ribs, Pearl Inlaid, **24s.**; ditto, superior, Closed Machine, **30s.** Magnificent De Meglio Model, Rosewood, **50s.**; ditto, superior, **63s.** Genuine De Meglio, finest-toned instrument made, **£5 15s.** For cases, strings and pick, see list post free. All with machine heads and bent sound boards. Crate and carr. free.

JOSEPH RILEY'S,
ON CONSTITUTION HILL,
BIRMINGHAM.

THE "ENGLISH" ORGANETTE

EASY PAYMENTS.

*With Expression Stop.*

ONLY 4/- MONTHLY.

PLAYS Hymns, Popular Airs, Quadrilles, Polkas Waltzes, Horn Pipes, etc.; any tune can be played with Artistic effect by anyone

A mere child can play it. Most Marvellous Musical Instrument in the World.

PRICE 30/- TERMS 4/- DEPOSIT AND 4/- MONTHLY

Organette delivered when first 4s. is Paid.

Write for list of music and full particulars. (Mention this paper.)

J. M. DRAPER, ORGANETTE WORKS, BLACKBURN.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK

Southampton Bldngs., Chancery Lane, London, W.C.
Invested Funds, £10,000,000. No. of Accounts, 85,094.
TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold for customers. SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.—Small deposits received, and Interest allowed monthly on each completed £1. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, post free. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager.*
*Telephone No. 5, Holborn. Telegraphic Address:* "Birkbeck, London."

ATLAS LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.

Works by hand or treadle. Guaranteed 4 years. Equal in quality and size to any machine To ensure satisfaction, we will send machine on receipt of 5/- P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5/- Monthly. Call or write for designs and Samples of work.

39/-

THE ATLAS SEWING MACHINE CO.,
186a High St., Camden Town, London, N.W.;
63 Seven Sisters Rd., N.; 14 High Rd., Kilburn.

ZOX

CURES

NEURALGIA

Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, and all Nerve Pains.

PURE, HARMLESS, AND NON-APERIENT.

Do not be persuaded to take a substitute, there is nothing as good as ZOX.

Of all Chemists, 1s. and 2s. 6d. per Box.

ZOX Co., 11 HATTON GARDEN, E.C.

No. 517. ONE PENNY.

For the Week ending
November 26, 1898.

# THE BLACK KNIGHT.

PRINCESS MYRA KOLJASSOW was in the habit of passing the winter months every year in Berlin. There were various reasons for this.

She was not content to be in St. Petersburg, nor at her estates in the Crimea; she did not like Russia—hated it, in fact

She was a Berliner by birth, and a rich Russian prince, whom she had met at one of the court balls, had chosen her, on account of her rare beauty, to be his wife.

Naturally she could not refuse him. She was as poor as a church mouse; next to the youngest of eight children, and the countess' coronet that rested on her glorious dark hair forbade her seeking a way out of her poverty by her own exertion.

For two seasons Countess Myra Hildhausen had reigned as queen of beauty, and had had an unusual number of admirers, but no earnest wooer; and at the beginning of the third season she metamorphosed herself into the Princess Myra Koljassow with millions at her command.

Prince Dimitri Koljassow was not a very agreeable man; he was moody and tyrannical. Myra had to use wiles and coquetry, and degrade herself by many devices which, strictly speaking, were

*All rights reserved.*]

Digitized by Google

beneath her dignity, in order to keep him in good humour and his pocket open.

Nevertheless, she was content with her lot.

"You know I have no heart, mamma; that I don't know what love is; I don't believe that it exists; that I have striven to catch a rich husband so that I might have money to spend and satisfy all my desires."

She said this in a confidential talk with her mother, the old Countess, who lived in a pretty apartment near the Tiergarten, one that was worthy of her social position, and the rent of which came out of Dimitri's pocket.

The old Countess was a small, nervous woman, who was afraid of about every thing in the world, and of her son-in-law, Prince Koljassow, beyond all else.

"I cannot understand where Myra got the courage to marry him," she once said to her maid, in whom she had confided for many years, "nor how I ever managed to have such a daughter. It almost seems like witchcraft. Just compare all my other children with Princess Koljassow, dear Schmiedeck, particularly my youngest daughter Countess Melitta."

"Dear Schmiedeck," was of the opinion that the Princess was more of a demon than a woman, but she was wise enough to hold her tongue. Countess Melitta was the only one of the eight children who had stayed at home with her mother to care for her, and to be a companion to her. The others, that is, the girls, were judiciously distributed among rich relations; each one possessing her little drawing-room accomplishment, with which she, in some measure, paid for the hospitality shown her.

Melitta alone was without a talent, and not nearly as pliable as her sisters, rather austere in fact. Perhaps this was the reason why the old Countess clung to her more than to the others. She could always depend upon Melitta, and in her intercourse with her the girl showed an affectionate tenderness that the old lady missed from her other children. Her brothers and sisters looked upon the youngest as a sort of Cinderella, and in no respect equal to themselves. The brothers, indeed, appreciated her housekeeping when they came home on leave from their different military academies, and condescendingly dubbed her "a good creature." But that was all. On the other hand, they all looked up with respect to Myra, "the child of fortune."

Only the old Countess doubted Myra's happiness; and with maternal anxiety she would ply her again and again with questions during her stay in the Tiergarten villa, in regard to the details of her inner and outer life, but she always received the same answer: "I am content with my lot."

Princess Myra spoke the truth. She had no heart. The old Countess acknowledged it to herself one day when she sat at the tea-table with her daughter, who had arrived from St. Petersburg only a few days before. Myra had been talking of her adventures, of her triumphs, had told stories of men who had done the wildest deeds through love of her, and some of whom, in consequence, had gone to ruin. While the old Countess opened her eyes wide with horror, Myra laughed at her, and every now and then the sharp, white teeth crunched down on a piece of cake, and she marked the time of a few bars of "Madame Angôt" on the edge of the table with her spoon.

"So it is, mamma! It is not my fault that poor Marcel d'Aubray fell in the duel. Why did he anger Dimitri by admiring me too openly?"

"Because you are a coquette," answered Melitta, who was just passing through the room. "Because you play with human beings as if they were puppets. Tell her that it is despicable, mamma; and that she will rue it bitterly some day."

"Melitta is right," the old lady corroborated, fired by the earnestness of her favourite daughter. "Poor Marcel! He was so handsome in his white uniform, and his grave, brown eyes were so full of love for you. I believe he will come to you in your last hour, Myra, with others, perhaps, of whom I know nothing, and make it hard for you to die."

"Spare me your sermons!" cried the Princess angrily. "I am mistress of my own doings, and do not fear their consequences. There are only two things I do fear—age and satiety, and these are both still far off."

Just then the piquant, mouse-like face of the French maid appeared at the opening of the copper-coloured portières that shut off the next room.

"Your Highness, the hairdresser! He says he can wait no longer."

"You have indeed kept the man waiting a long time, Myra," the old Countess observed.

"Nonsense, mamma; a hairdresser is no one, and he must learn to wait, '*c'est son métier!*' I have no intention of leaving this tea-table until I have enjoyed my second cup."

There was an artistic confusion in the next room, the boudoir of the Princess. Parts of the brilliant costume in which the handsome Princess was to shine at the masked ball at the embassy, lay scattered about over all the furniture. The wax candles in the high brackets in front of the dressing-table were already lighted, and the hairdresser stood near in a respectful attitude. He did not lift his eyes from the ground until the rustle of a woman's skirts were audible. Melitta had come in in her noiseless fashion.

"I am sorry you have had to wait so long. You should have sat down," she said kindly.

"The gracious Countess is too good. I hope that the Princess will be ready for me soon, as my time will be up in a quarter of an hour."

What an agreeable voice the man had, and how genteel he looked in his black suit! "Irene would paint him as Childe Harold," said Melitta to herself, thinking of the most talented of her sisters, and her liking for Byronic figures. She studied the tall, handsome figure for a few seconds with objective interest, and the pale, oval face, with the thoughtful expression about the eyes and mouth. Perhaps this man, like so many of fortune's step-children, had been born to something higher, and was suffering now under the slave's chains that bound him down.

"Your business is not an easy one," she said hesitatingly.

The shadow of a smile crept over his face. "It, too, has its pleasant moments," he answered; and though his tone was perfectly respectful, his speaking brown eyes said plainly: "This is one of them!"

Melitta felt that she blushed, and an expression of disapproval came over her face. She turned to go, and said coldly, without looking round, "I will tell the Princess that your time is nearly up."

Digitized by Google

Then the graceful figure, with the fine, intelligent face, that had called up the forbidden light of admiration in the man's eyes, disappeared, and a moment later Princess Koljassow rustled into the room. She did not look at the hairdresser, but at herself, as she sat before the mirror, giving her orders.

"I wish my hair dressed to suit the rôle of Cleopatra," she said listlessly. "Have you had instructions to that effect?"

"I have received minute instructions from the court hairdresser, Your Highness."

A flood of raven black hair, loosed from its bonds, fell down over the snow-white dressing gown. With such material to work with much may be accomplished. The classic coiffure, on which the golden fillets were artistically arranged, soon crowned the beautiful head. Princess Myra was a perfect Cleopatra, when, an hour after, she went to say good-bye to the old Countess. Her costume was dazzlingly beautiful and costly, copied faithfully, to the smallest detail, from a Parisian fashion-plate. The old Countess, however, thought it rather immodest, but she learnt from her daughter that she was old-fashioned, and had no idea of the spirit of the age.

"Others show more of their figure than I, without being favoured by fortune, as I have been," said Princess Myra fretfully, as she went off. "Dimitri said so only lately."

* * * * *

The fashionable masked ball had reached its height when Cleopatra entered the hotel of the embassy. She had driven thither in her own elegant troika, familiar to all Berlin (as her husband always liked her to drive three horses) and had been received there with flattering distinction. She had been made much of as the poor Countess Hildhausen, now, as the rich, independent married woman, she reigned supreme in the world of beauty and pleasure.

The Cleopatra costume of the Princess (who wished to be, and was recognised at once, in spite of her black half-mask), was universally admired; all the more, as it suited her bewitching and dangerous style of beauty so admirably. Princess Myra was forced to listen to numerous compliments, in which there was much exaggeration and little wit. She enjoyed them for the first half hour. The social triumphs of several years had blunted the freshness of the sensation, and she now saw with horror, although no one yet guessed it, the demon of satiety creeping nearer. "Not yet! It is still far enough off," she said to herself. "I still enjoy my diamonds, dancing and playing with human hearts."

"Let us dance," she said to her partner, as an inspiring waltz of Strauss began, and then she noticed that Chamberlain von Boethlingh in his artistic brigand costume no longer stood by her chair, but another in his place—a Spanish knight, tall and slender, dressed all in black, wearing the Calatrava order of the Cistercians on his breast. She did not recognise him for the minute, but was sure he must belong to her circle of acquaintances, for he offered her his arm, and led her to the dance. And how he danced! Princess Myra knew that she had never met him in a ball-room before. She would have been sure to have remembered his unusually light and yet firm way of holding her, and the peculiar rhythm of his motions. She was sorry when the waltz was over, and she asked her partner as he took her back to her seat if he would not lift his mask for her, using, as she spoke, the familiar "thou" of the carnival.

"No, Cleopatra," he answered. "It would not be worth while for thee, for I am no Antinous."

"But, perhaps a Cæsar?" she asked mockingly, angered by the sneer in his voice.

"No; nor that either. I have not come to fight with you, and you possess nothing that I think worth my striving for!"

His voice was cold, and seemed familiar to her. His dark eyes shone behind his mask, and reminded her of Marcel's, who had died for her.

"You are trying to rouse my curiosity," she said, bravely repressing a slight shudder; "but that is love's labour lost."

"You should not use the word love, oh queen! Your lips, whose wonderful beauty I acknowledge, change it into a serpent."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That you have no heart, Cleopatra; that you are superficial, egotistical and pitiless; in short, all that a true woman is not."

The Egyptian queen breathed heavily.

"And who or what art thou that darest overstep, in this unheard of manner, the limits of carnival license, already sufficiently vague?"

"I speak the truth," he answered coldly, "and dare speak it since I am not one of your vassals. I am a free man, who seeks not for your favour, and who uses the carnival license to show you that there are armours which your charms are powerless to pierce."

Princess Myra thought her anger would stifle her. "If my husband were here he would answer you better than I am able to," she hissed between her teeth. "Luckily, I do not lack for friends who will act for me."

"And whom, in gratitude for their devotion, you will expose to your husband's deadly weapon," he continued cold-bloodedly. "Remember Marcel d'Aubray."

She shuddered; her heart began to beat tumultuously. At that moment the music began again, and the black knight bowed gracefully to her and said, "May I have the honour, queen?"

"Never! not one step, nor one more word, with you," was what she tried to say, but it died away on her lips, for the eyes that reminded her so of Marcel's, now looked so commanding that they forced her to rise. Half against her will she let him lead her back to the dancers. A glorious gallop forced her anger momentarily into the background, and they glided along as if supported by wings, and every other sensation was lost in an indescribable intoxicating rapture. But when the dance was over she could not feel the same anger again. A new and curious sensation, a gentle feeling of soft, longing sadness came over her, together with a passionate desire to see him face to face who had dared so much, who had insulted her so. She glanced at her partner, who stood silently beside her.

"Listen to me, black knight," she said, and her voice had never before been so gentle

Digitized by Google

in speaking to any man. "You have misused your masker's right, but I will not be angry with you for it, but will show you that I am magnanimous enough to bear the truth. Let us be friends."

"That cannot be. No woman without a soul can charm me. I have only one feeling toward you—that of pity!"

"Idiot!" she cried, with quivering lips. "Do you not know that I have everything to make existence worth living for—that I stand on its summit?"

"I know it; but one day you will have to descend," he answered indifferently. "Every one must. You will grow old and lose your charms, and then your life will be poor and empty."

Princess Myra trembled with anger. Never before had anyone dared hint that her youth and beauty were not immortal.

"Do those in the kingdom whence you come always stay young and beautiful?" she asked derisively.

"By no means; but in my kingdon every one possesses a talisman against satiety."

There it was! That was the word she had always hated and feared above all others, that tortured her in secret. Cleopatra waved her fan of shining peacock feathers nervously to and fro. She was forced to master her emotion, for some of her admirers had again surrounded her. They wanted to learn something from her of the knight of the Calatrava. They guessed first one person, then another of her circle, but Myra was sure that no one had guessed correctly, and she determined to solve the riddle alone. Her head throbbed, her pulse beat rapidly.

What had that man not said to her! How pitilessly he had called all her faults by name! How well he seemed to know her, and how cold her beauty left him! This last hurt her most. Her glance followed the mysterious man as he mixed with the crowd. His proud bearing, the unusual taste shown in his costume of black armour was noticed by everyone. Elegantly dressed female maskers approached him, trying to open a conversation, but t ey held him only *en passant*. He seemed to prefer to be a silent spectator.

Princess Myra managed to get near him again, as if by accident; his personality had for her a mysterious charm.

A commanding gesture of the hand, in which her fan seemed a sceptre (and one which she always used to order about her crowd of admirers), called the black knight back to her side.

"I shall not wait for the unmasking, but am leaving the ball at once," she said; "let me see your face before I go, and tell me who you are."

He bowed, but did not raise his visor.

"For you I am no one. Farewell, queen, and if you wish to truly enjoy life, then try to be kinder, gentler, and more unselfish. Those are qualities which keep off satiety, and are more enduring than youth and beauty."

He was gone. Princess Myra was again surrounded by her friends, but a curious numbn ss overcame her. Something she could not have named burnt within her and pierced her soul, even after she had left the ball.

The Princess spent almost the whole of the next day in bed. She wanted to sleep it off, but her slumber was disturbed by feverish dreams, in which the black knight raised his visor and showed Marcel's pale dead face, and then aga'n a skull grinning in derision.

She was pale and looked worn-out as she sat before her dressing-table again that evening to have her hair done for the entertainment at the Nobles' Club.

"I want my hair curled loosely to-day, and put one or two of these pomegranate blossoms on the side," she said to the haird esser, who was a ready beginning his work. "I am a little fatigued from yesterday evening, and shall have to use a touch of rouge. What do you think?"

This question was directed to the hairdresser, and as she spoke she looked at him for the first time—a quick, indifferent glance.

"If your Highness wishes my opinion, I prefer under all circumstances, natural pallor to artificial colour."

That voice! Where had she heard it before? With a violent twist of the head she obliged him to stop in his work, and now, with vivid interest, she scrutinised the proud pale face with the almond-shaped eyes that were so painfully like Marcel's.

"Do I dream?" she whispered, pressing her brow with her slender fingers. "You are—you are—speak! I will know who you are!"

A satirical smile played about his mouth. "If Your Highness wishes to know exactly, I am the first assistant in the shop of Ferdinand Herzberg, the court hairdresser in Dorothea Street. That is, I was until yesterday. I work to-day for the last time at my profession, voluntarily, from—love of it."

"You rascal! You have dared force yourself into a social circle closed to your class, to play the cavalier, to insult a lady of the highest aristocracy! You have—"

"Your Highness will do well to speak in a little lower tone," the calm, melodious voice interrupted, "or the servants may piece together things that have no connection with each other, and tell the world a dangerous romance about the Princess Koljassow."

"You are insane, a fiend!" the Princess hissed between her teeth. "How did you learn all the details of my life and character? I order you to answer me truthfully."

"And I gladly obey the command of Her Majesty, Queen Cleopatra. All that I know and that I spoke of under my mask Your Majesty's own charming mouth betrayed to me. I was forced to listen to what you were saying yesterday evening when I spe it nearly an hour of my valuable time waiting in this room."

"Do you know that this unfortunate joke of yours may cost you your position, and even more—that I can destroy you?"

"No," he said smiling, "but I know that the story of Princess Koljassow and the black knight may become the most piquant anecdote of the season. Your Highness will therefore do well to let me finish your coiffure quietly, then the carnival 'frolic,' which, as we know, has its grave side, will remain the secret of Queen Cleopatra and the black knight."

Princess Myra was forced to acknowledge that he was right. His quiet energy conquered her will. Quivering and almost fainting from anger, she yet remained quiet under his hands.

Quickly and gracefully he arranged a coiffure of the heavy black locks. But when the last hairpin was in place the Princess, in her trained white dressing gown, drew herself up to her full height and faced him. Her large black eyes threatened him with their fire.

"Never come under my eyes again! Do you understand? If I have need of a hairdresser——"

"I have already had the honour to tell Your Highness that I left my place yesterday, and therefore, in any case, my hands would never again touch this beautiful

Digitized by Google

hair. But I cannot prevent our meeting in some other place."

She gave him a look of deepest disdain.

"My position will render that impossible. And now you may go. But stop! I wish to know one thing more. What was the reason of your most presumptuous behaviour at the carnival?"

"A few words from your mouth, Your Highness, that you forced me to listen to, and which, had a man uttered them, should have been differently answered."

"Repeat them!" she commanded.

With one hand on the door he made a low, disdainful bow:

"'Nonsense, mamma, a hairdresser is no one!'"

* * *

"Good evening, Myra Twanowna, my turtle dove."

"Good gracious! You have frightened me to death again, Dimitri! You know my nerves can't stand such shocks."

"Never come under my eyes again!"

"They'll have to learn to, *duschinka!* And now, come and give me a kiss."

The Prince delighted in surprising his wife in this manner when she thought him furthest away and had almost forgotten his existence; and the fright she always showed never failed to amuse him heartily.

Myra rose, sighing resignedly, and laid down her novel, "*Journal d'une Rapture*," by Maizeroy.

"Have you seen mamma yet? Has anyone given you anything to eat?"

"I lunched at the club with Pawal Jaruschkin and some other jolly fellows. I tried to see your old lady, but she wouldn't admit me. Melitta, whom I saw for a minute, told me you were both going this evening to the Marzdorf's dinner."

"To be sure Melitta goes out so seldom; but as Baroness Marzdorf, whose birthday we celebrate, is her godmother, she couldn't well refuse. Are you going with us?"

"Of course, my love; the husband of the much-sought-after Princess Koljassow must be seen with her a few times in the year instead of some other favoured cavalier." With this his fingers closed caressingly around Myra's bare arm, and she gave a little cry of pain.

"You press me too hard! You'll leave a red mark."

"Wax doll! Cover it over with one of your thousand bracelets. Now I'm off to get an hour's snooze. Have me called when you are ready."

The Marzdorf Hotel contained this evening only a select company. "To-day we serve thee up a celebrity, Myra," said the old Baron Marzdorf to the Princess, whom he "*tutoyed*" as he did all the Hildhausens.

"You excite my curiosity, uncle; who is it?"

"No less a person than Herbert Wilnau, the author of the 'World's Children,' that everyone is talking and writing about."

"We know the novel, uncle; Melitta is completely charmed with it; and it kept its interest up for me, too, until the end, although the author doesn't deal exactly gently with us poor children of the world. If, however, he belongs to the rich Courland Barons of Wilnau Schoningen, he does not have to earn his bread and butter by his art."

"He is not working for that, nor yet for laurels. Wilnau has the courage to be truthful. He will talk, will be heard, and will do good with his words."

"A modern apostle, then," said the Princess mockingly. "I can imagine a fitting exterior."

The old Baron laughed with amusement.

"Thou shalt judge of that thyself, thou little malicious creature. I'll bring thee my apostle."

A moment later Princess Koljassow opened her black eyes wide, as if she saw a ghost. She gasped for breath, her fan nearly fell from her hand, and, for the first time in her life, she could not smile the conventional smile, with which she was wont to entrap her victims at the first sight.

"Baron Herbert von Wilnau, dear Myra," and then the host slipped off quickly to greet some new arrivals. Again they faced each other—Queen Cleopatra and the black knight.

Yes; there was no mistake. It was he. It was he in the faultless evening suit, with the faultless bearing, and with the faultless chivalrous manner in which no one but herself could discover the slight trace of derision. He stood before her, and with social dexterity began one of those momentary conversations which take place in a salon between two strangers. Myra had to answer in order not to excite attention. She could not show her anger, for with the exposure of his bold intrusion she would compromise herself. So there was nothing to do but control herself and wait for the right moment; but she could prepare Dimitri, could set him on him, as it were.

As soon as she could do so without attracting attention, she drew her husband aside.

"You will have to fight for my honour again, Dimitri. There is a man amongst the guests of this house who has mortally insulted me." The Prince did not answer, but the vein that ran across his low forehead was swollen and blue—a bad sign. Myra knew that now he would follow his quarry doggedly, and that the proud man with the cold glances upstairs was as good as lost, let him choose what weapons he would in the duel.

"When you know all, Dimitri——"

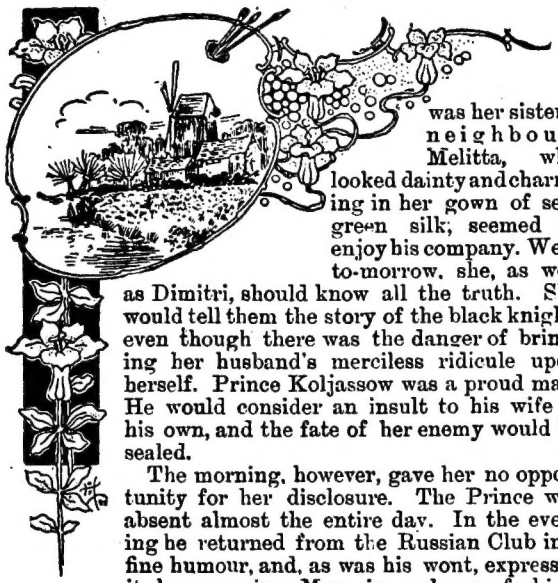
"Has he paid you court in an unauthorised fashion?"

"No; but——"

"Very well, then, the matter can wait until we get home. And now put on a brighter face, Myra Twanowna, or hang me if I don't make you! I won't have people think there has been a conjugal quarrel between us."

Willing or not, the Princess was obliged to resume her social mask. The evening seemed endless. The ease with which Wilnau moved among those present, the open admiration shown him by everyone, and not least by Prince Koljassow, increased her unhappiness, until it was scarcely to be borne. At dinner, Wilnau

Digitized by Google



was her sister's neighbour. Melitta, who looked dainty and charming in her gown of sea-green silk, seemed to enjoy his company. Well, to-morrow, she, as well as Dimitri, should know all the truth. She would tell them the story of the black knight, even though there was the danger of bringing her husband's merciless ridicule upon herself. Prince Koljassow was a proud man. He would consider an insult to his wife as his own, and the fate of her enemy would be sealed.

The morning, however, gave her no opportunity for her disclosure. The Prince was absent almost the entire day. In the evening he returned from the Russian Club in a fine humour, and, as was his wont, expressed it by caressing Myra in a clumsy fashion, who lay on the sofa suffering from ennui.

"Don't pull my ears off, Dimitri," she said, pushing away peevishly one of his large hands. "It was very impolite in you to stay away all the afternoon when we had arranged to pay calls together."

"Bosh! One day is as good as another for that nonsense of paying visits," the Prince answered indifferently. "Why should I have to do penance and leave the club, where everything was so amusing? Wilnau gave a superb little breakfast, to which he kindly invited me. He leaves Berlin this evening for his estates, but he says he will soon be back. He is truly a clever, interesting man, this Wilnau! Just imagine the original way in which he learnt the details of the life of the Berlin aristocracy that are to appear in his new novel. He became the assistant of the court hairdresser, Herzberg, for several months, and was so diligent and showed such aptitude in the practice of the noble art of the coiffure and being, moreover, so refined-looking, that his master trusted him to attend his most aristocratic customers. In this manner Wilnau was able to study his subjects in *negligée*, without their rouge, physical or moral; and gained a deep insight into much which he will use—naturally with the finest tact and delicacy—so that no complaint may be made against the book or its author. Isn't that a fine joke, Myra Twanowna?"

The Princess made no answer. Everything was swimming before her eyes. It was several minutes before she could master her emotions sufficiently to speak.

"I really do not know if one ought to believe such romantic tales," she said at length. "Has the thought never come to you that this man, whom you so much admire, might be an adventurer, a deceiver, who has assumed the good old name of the noble Courland family from some sinister motive?"

"Of course not. This Wilnau is as genuine as myself. Many in the club know him well; moreover, I wish you to keep what you have just heard secret for the present. The Baron doesn't exactly make a secret of it; still, for various reasons, that you can easily surmise, he doesn't care to have the matter spoken of all over town."

After her husband had left her the Princess fell into a mood not easy to describe. The little romance, the centre figure of which was the mysterious black knight, appeared to her in an entirely new light. Why had she not recognised the man of rank at once under the disguise of a hairdresser—at least, then, when during their last conversation, he had opposed her with so much firmness and boldness? How would Melitta take the news? Myra rang the bell and told her maid to send the Countess to her. Melitta came, and listened to the marvellous tale with her own peculiar calm.

"I recognised at once yesterday evening the hairdresser whom you kept waiting so long in your dressing-room in Baron Wilnau, when he was introduced to me," she said. "The mystery perplexed me at first, but then I resolved to see in Wilnau for that evening nothing but the author of the 'World's Children,' whom I have so long been anxious to meet, and to wait patiently for the solution of the riddle. As far as you were concerned, dear Myra, you could not have ignored the Baron more completely than you did. Naturally, he felt it, and he looked over at me several times with an expression on his face that I couldn't comprehend."

"I know nothing about that," the Princess answered, "but if you think that the Baron felt hurt at my behaviour, I will try and make up for it at the first opportunity. Besides, we have something to forgive him also."

"Without a doubt," answered Melitta smiling. "We and many others. Wilnau will have to take patiently the scoldings he so richly deserves. But he gained his object."

From that day on Princess Koljassow's thoughts were occupied almost constantly with the black knight, although in an utterly different manner, for she could no longer despise him. He had taught her some hard lessons.

He was the only one whom her beauty could not influence, but also the only one (this she now thought, or believed she thought) whose favour seemed to her really worth striving for. She must win, if she took the trouble.

To take the trouble to please a man! That was something new; but also exciting and exhilarating, and promised a glorious reward. What a triumph it would be to conquer that proud man, and to see love soften him!

One afternoon, when Myra Twanowna had received her first violets from one of her admirers—for spring had come to Berlin—the Prince brought her the news of Wilnau's return.

"I have just spoken to him, and he asked me only a moment ago to bring him to call on your mother," he said, blinking at his wife through his half-closed eyes.

"Do it if you like," she answered indifferently; "but speak to mamma about it first."

"She will have no objection when she learns how anxious he is for it," the Prince said. "I think we might invite Wilnau to dine with us in a day or so."

Never had Myra paid so much attention to her toilet as on that occasion. She tried to outdo her own beauty.

A gown of heavy black satin, relieved about her neck, and the wide, open sleeves by a narrow band of white swans-

Digitized by Google

down, suited her purpose best. There was a necklace, a triple string of rare black pearls, called devil's tears, which would match the costume perfectly, but they were still lying in the jeweller's case. Dimitri must buy them, and in order to compass this, Myra had to play one of her little comedies of affection, in spite of her distaste for it.

The Prince was willing. "You shall have the devil's tears, and adorn yourself with them for my friend Wilnau," he said. "Send after them. Here is a cheque that will be sufficient."

"I only adorn myself for myself, Dimitri."

"Very well, that's six of one and a half a dozen of the other," he said, giving his beautiful wife a little caressing slap on the cheek, which might have been a little lighter, however.

Princess Koljassow had to acknowledge to herself, that never had she deserved to be admired more than on the evening that was to bring the one for whom she was longing.

"He will forgive me. He will not be able to escape loving me," she said to herself, smiling gaily at the beautiful creature in the mirror. "Perhaps he is conscious of it already, for what else could make him call on mamma? He will come and will discover that Cleopatra has a soul now, and her eyes will say to him, 'Thou hast given me this soul, it is thine.'"

Her hands were stretched out toward the pearls in their white velvet bed, and she was just about to put on the costly ornament when the Prince, dressed for dinner, came in.

"I come myself to decorate your beautiful neck with the devil's tears," he said, dismissing the maid with a look. Myra glanced up in amazement. That was not his usual way of doing. What could have put him in such good humour? But it was wise to keep him in it, so she bent her head gracefully.

"Thank you. And now tell me, Dimitri, do I please you?"

"I am fascinated," the Prince answered, "and Baron Wilnau, our honoured guest, will doubtless share my enthusiasm, and be almost as proud of his gloriously beautiful sister-in-law, as of his fiancée."

"Sister-in-law! Fiancée!" The words faltered on her lips.

"Perfectly true, my love. Baron Wilnau is about to ask for your sister Melitta's hand. That was the object of his introduction to your mother. I thought that with a woman's quick wit you had foreseen this, and that your bewitching toilet was a delicate homage to the new brother-in-law."

"You are mistaken. I am most thoroughly surprised."

"It is to be hoped agreeably," he said emphatically, grasping her wrist with a hand like an iron ring. "Should you look at the matter differently from your husband, the harmony of this betrothal might be sensibly disturbed. Do you understand me, Myra Twanowna, my little gold heart?"

The Princess shuddered, her teeth chattered as if she had a chill. He offered her his arm and she let herself be led into the drawing room.

She looked entrancing, but like a statue, with the classically moulded neck on which rested the black devil's tears—the symbol of her own solitary genuine feeling, and of her own defeat—and with her stony, marble-white face, in which nothing seemed alive but the large gleaming eyes, black as night.

JESSIE TOMPKINS.


# FIFTY GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

Every week the Editor of SHORT STORIES addresses fifty envelopes to fifty people in various parts of the country. Inside each envelope he places a sovereign, and locks them away in his private safe.

SIMPLY TAKE A POST-CARD and address it to the Editor under the following conditions:

☛ Ask if a sovereign has been addressed to you, giving your full name and address clearly written in ink.

Fifty names and addresses have been picked out at random from directories, etc., etc.

No sovereign, however, will be awarded unless it is applied for, so it would be advisable for you to tell your friends to drop us a post-card, whether they are readers or not.

All applications for No. 8 distribution must reach us by November 28th, addressed to The 8th Sovereign Editor, "Short Stories" Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Each application must be made separately.

Result of the Fifth Distribution appears on page 681.

**No. 2 of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE Will be Ready on November 22nd. Still 3d. only.**

**The second number contains an article of absorbing interest entitled "Death by Electrocution," by one who witnessed it.**


Digitized by Google

# THE WRONG WOMAN.

I HAD no business to see it, or to know anything about it, being a trained nurse out for my half-hour's constitutional, and not supposed to be hanging about a church gaping at a wedding.

The bride was tall and pale and composed, and the bridesmaid was a lovely, large-eyed, chestnut-haired, ruby-lipped girl, who seemed to think of nothing but the bride and the way her train and veil hung, and so on.

There were other bridesmaids and many smart guests, but once I had looked into the first bridesmaid's eyes I forgot all about them. Her eyes were large and deep, dark blue, with a look of some dumb creature in mortal pain. As for one moment I stared into them I could scarcely refrain from a cry of wonder, sympathy, fright.

She sailed in alone after the bride, and two by two the other eight white visions sailed after her, and I hurried out into the sunlight and, glancing at my watch, saw I had exceeded my time.

It may have been an hour after sunset that day when the superintendent rang for me.

"I wish you would take a special case for a few days. A young lady fainted at a wedding this morning and has developed some sort of fever—some brain trouble—since. Will you take it?"

A memory of the wonderful eyes and strange look I had seen in them, flashed into my mind.

"Certainly," I replied. "Must I go at once?"

"The carriage is waiting," said the superintendent. "Be as smart as you can."

And so it happened that I saw the bridesmaid again, lying in a stupor broken now and then by fits of delirium.

She opened her great eyes and said quite brightly:

"Ah, I saw you looking at me! You understood, did you not?"

"Yes, my dear, I know all about it," I said in a reassuring voice.

There were a mother, a father and a sister who hovered about the bed.

"Send them away," said the bridesmaid, as I took my seat beside her. "I want to talk it all over with you, because you understand."

So I sent them away, and she began a long, incoherent discourse, to which I confess I listened as I never before listened to fever ravings. The poor lamb broke off now and then, and dozed; then she renewed her talking, pausing once in a while to question me.

"You understand?"

And when I assured her I did, she rambled on again. Suddenly she started up.

"Nurse," she said wildly, "can't the wedding be stopped? Isn't it a sin for him to marry her when he loves me? She is rich and he is poor, and he is marrying the wrong woman, do you hear? *The wrong woman!* No one seems to notice it; you see, the minister doesn't know he loves me, not her! It's frightfully wicked of him to pray that way. No one knows but me. He knows, nurse; his face is as hard as iron, as white as marble; his eyes don't see me.

"Don't you think I had better just say his name out loudly? That will wake him. You see, he's asleep, and they are marrying him to her when it's I he wants to marry. Arthur! wake up, love. It is Alice you want, not Gertrude, Arthur!"

The young voice rang in passionate intensity through the quiet room, while I brushed sudden tears that were disgracefully unprofessional from my eyes. So this was the story of the bridesmaid!

They came in at her cries, and with drooping heads looked at her, but she said no more. Some remnant of reason closed her lips until we were alone again.

We were often alone, and after the ravages of the fever were past and she lay a shattered wreck of girlhood, her exquisite complexion pale, and her glorious hair cut close, she made me tell her again and again of how I happened to see that wedding, and she told me how her eyes read the startled sympathy in mine.

"I remember it so well," she whispered, "and I don't remember any more, except that I called out his name when I saw him put the ring on Gertrude's finger. It was too much for me, nurse."

One day she said gently: "He is coming to see me before I go away."

"How do you know?" I asked carelessly, not knowing what to say.

Digitized by Google

"How? Oh, I feel it! You will see; he may come to-day, he couldn't get away before. You see, they have just come home. Then, after he is gone, I shall go away contented. But I couldn't go and not say good-bye, could I?"

"But, dear child, you won't be able to go away for a fortnight," I said hastily. "Don't begin to get restless, now; just lie quite still and good, and get up your strength."

The great eyes, greater still in their hollows, met mine steadily.

"You don't suppose I am going to *live?*" she said in surprised tones. "Why, you know better than that, nurse. After I have said good-bye I shall go quietly away, only I want to say good-bye first."

This as calmly as if she had said: "After I take my medicine I shall go to sleep." I went into the ante-room and wept, which was, of course, unprofessional, but somehow I'd never nursed a patient like this one.

* * * * *

Not two hours later, just before sunset, he came. Everyone was out, and I met him in the ante-room. His face was like stone, his eyes strained, his mouth drawn. I knew it must be he.

"Are you the nurse who has been with her all through?" he said in hoarse whispers.

"Yes, my patient has been all mine," I said. "She is very weak. She must not be excited, but she must see you, because she knew you would come, and I dare-say she knows you are here now."

He looked at the closed door.

"May I——?" he paused.

"Alone?" I asked. "I am afraid not. But perhaps you won't mind me—we have spoken of you a good deal. I dare not leave her alone for fear it will be too much for her." And with that I went before him into the room.

She was so sweet and calm and happy, bless her! and just put her shadow of a hand where he could take it as he sat in my chair.

And I waited so long for them to speak that at last I turned and looked at them.

His face was marble no longer; his eyes flamed until they were fairly beautiful with the fire in their brown depths; his lips trembled and his white teeth gripped them desperately; the man's soul transfigured his countenance as it shone through.

She lay smiling at him, as sweet and quiet as an angel, and now and then her free hand, that was merely a wraith of a hand, softly stroked his, and I had not the heart to look again, but went quietly away to the ante-room.

Presently I went back, afraid for my bridesmaid. The man was kneeling by the bed and she had dragged her arms up and put them about his neck, and he had her little snowdrop-face between his hands while she spoke to him.

"And I am going away, dear," she said gently, with a ring in her sweet voice I had never heard. "That is why I wanted to see you so much to say good-bye. Don't forget me altogether, for I have loved you very, very dearly. Don't say it, Arthur, I know, but all the same I'd rather you didn't say it. You and I will love each other truly, purely, just as long as we live, *and after*—yes, dear, I know it. And now, good-bye."

And she kissed him and died.

J. PRINCE.

# RESULT OF DISTRIBUTION No. 5.

Two applicants have succeeded this week in receiving a sovereign each in connection with this distribution. Their names are given below:

**Se-gt. F. H. Pannell, Army Pay Corps, Northampton.**
**Miss E. Cramphorn, 28 Woodlands Road, Leytonstone, N.E.**

It seems marvellous that so few of the fifty people selected should have been wise enough to apply, in view of the fact that many of the names are selected from previous prize lists in *Short Stories*, while others are from the various directories. Surely there is a good deal of apathy about the matter! If you don't care to apply yourself—that is, if you are not sufficiently in want of a sovereign to feel that the trouble and expense of writing a halfpenny post-card is justifiable—then, of course, you will be entirely a loser through no fault of ours. If, however, you were ignorant of this distribution scheme until your name in print has been called to your notice, then you are not to blame in the matter.

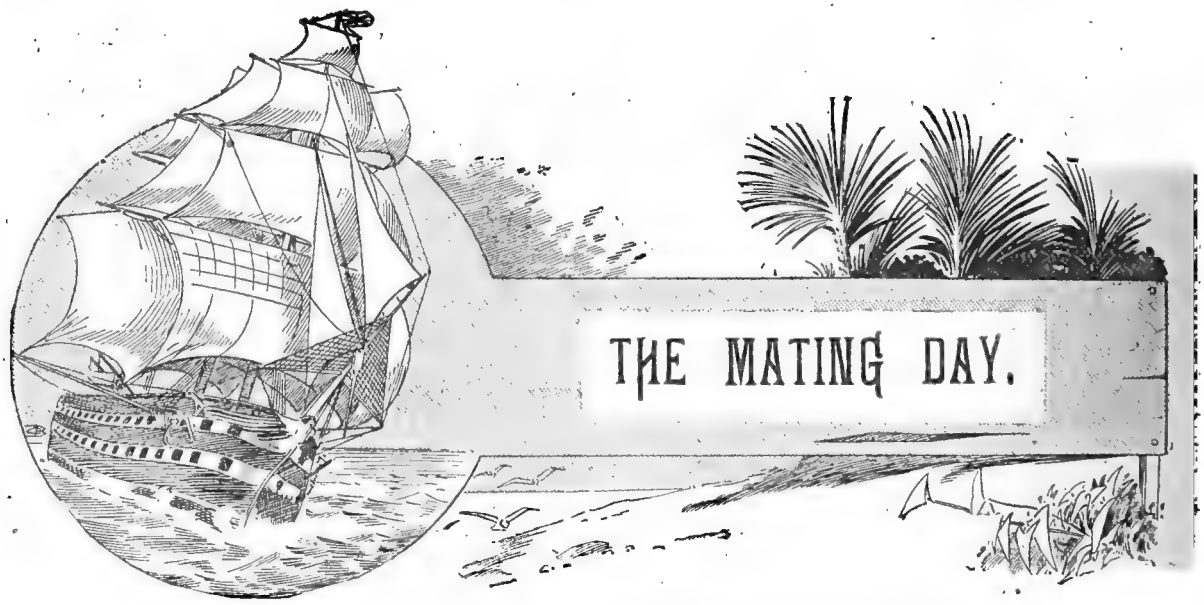
Some correspondents want to know if, once a name having appeared as one of those who would have received the sovereign if he had applied, there is any use in continuing to send post-cards. I may say that there certainly is, as I propose to select at least one name a week in future from the previous lists.

Below will be found the names and addresses of those people who would have been a pound the richer had they applied.

J. E. Long, Inland Revenue, Watlington, Tetsworth; Miss B. Roela, 13 Castle Square, Swansea; Arthur Bailey, 15 Archer Street, Osmaston, near Derby; C. Ambler, Prospect View, Thornton, near Bradford; R. H. Williams, Wellington Road, Camborne, Cornwall; T. Marsden, Studley House, Upper Belgrave Road, Clifton, Bristol; H. Robinson, The Parsonage, Heywood, Westbury, Wilts; F. C. Spendelow, 45 Ling Street, Holt Road, Liverpool; Miss A. Walker, 14 Esk Terrace, Whitby; R. Phipps, 16 Hall Street, Sale, Cheshire; G. Butty, 13 Regent Road, Morecambe; G. S. Knight, 15 Penygraig Road, Mount Pleasant, Swansea; F. T. Gibson, 24 Elmwood Street, Sunderland; Mrs. Allan, 13 Sydney Street, Glasgow; W. Back, 10 Edward Street, Brighton; A. E. Lower, 51 Station Road, Horsham, Sussex; E. Lambert, 1 Sunnyside, Sandgate, Kent; Mrs. McCourt, 47 High Street, Airdrie, N.B.; G. E. Mitchell, 333 Raglan Street, Lowestoft; Mrs. H. A. Green, Bengeo Street, Bengeo, Hertford; Mrs. Charity, 16 Sth. Brink, Wisbech; Robt. Howlett, Market Place, Aylsham; Thos. Wells, 12 Bury Street, Unthanks Road, Norwich; C. Keneely, 8 Patrick Street, Kilkenny; P. Creagle, District Inspector of Police, 6 Montenotte, Cork; John McGrath, 5 Lombard Street, Waterford; James Colhoun, 14 Pump Street, Londonderry; W. Hughes, Great Whitcombe, Carisbrooke; Joseph Murrin, Queen's Hotel, Queen's Road, Bournemouth; J. Goodwin, 3 High Street, Worcester; S. J. Griffiths, 15 Cradley Road, Netherton, Dudley; Jas. Methuen, 79 King Street, Wellington; W. Hobson, 24 Frith Street, Huddersfield; A. Britton, 12 Harehills Terrace, Leeds; Wm. Backhouse, 106 Upper Hanover Street, Sheffield; W. E. Rees, 26 Parkfield Road, Rotherham; Miss Hurt, The Nest, Castle Hill, Maidenhead; J. R. Cook, 1 Market Place, Reading; Mrs. Collins, 16 Bath Road, Banbury; James Dodds, 11 Erith Terrace, Bishopswearmouth, Sunderland; Mrs. Smart, 20 North Bailey, Durham; John Kelly, 16 Race Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Douglas, 3 Thistle Street, Aberdeen; John Carmichael, 17 Airlie Place, Dundee; John Fraser, 1 Summerside Place, Leith, Edinburgh; Miss L. Grey, Clovelly, 100 King's Head Road, Catford, S.E.; E. Shallcross, 71 Middleton Street, Clerkenwell; Miss A. E. Gilmour, 35 Helix Gardens, Brixton Hill, S.W.

***Mr. JONES, Sir,—This is your week. Twenty-five of the fifty names that have been selected are those of people named JONES.***

Digitized by Google



# THE MATING DAY.

Gouigi the hunter lay motionless beneath a wide-spreading yacca that towered far above the other trees of the forest. The moon was out, and its beams, penetrating the leafy barriers, threw a network of fantastic shadows across the brown body of the islander.

He lay upon his back with hands clasped firmly beneath his head, and his bright black eyes staring at the branches above him. A long, double-pointed spear was beside him, the ends drawn to the fineness of a needle's point, its length well-polished and greased save for the handles near the centre.

Gouigi was thinking, and he had lain in nearly the same posture since the dawn of the previous day. For custom decreed that all those islanders who intended to take part in the mating tournament should absent themselves for the period of a day and a night from the society of their fellows, and Gouigi had made declaration to the chief that he would fight at the tourney.

One day each year the natives of this island of Macheki, in the South Seas, set apart for the mating of the maidens with the young braves of the tribe, and on this day took place a series of conflicts among the aspirants to determine which should have first choice from the bevy of eligible maidens. Usually, upon such occasions, the victor was content to triumph over his adversaries without seriously injuring them, and those vanquished had thus an opportunity to fight among themselves for second choice, and so on, until the maids were all chosen.

And upon most mating days there were many of the young warriors to take part in the conflict, yet now Gouigi counted upon his fingers and found there were but seven all told, who had declared their intent on of fighting upon the morrow. For amongst the maidens to be chosen was Cheluilka, the daughter of the chieftain, and whoever won the first choice would thus in time become the first brave of the tribe, since the chief was very old and unlikely to live more than a a few moons longer.

Therefore this time the duel would be fought to the death, the prize being the greatest fate had ever yet placed within reach of the mating-day champions, and only the strongest and bravest of the young men had dared to undertake the task of winning the Princess Cheluilka, and with her the leadership of the tribe.

Gouigi mused on all this as he lay under the yacca awaiting the return to the village. Somewhere amidst the forest were six other warriors resting or preparing themselves for the fray, but he did not dwell upon them long. True, they were the pick of the tribe, well skilled in the use of the spear, and of great and powerful build.

But he, Gouigi, was the strongest of them all — save, perhaps, Mati the Tiger, and Mati was a brute, whom he loathed and would delight to kill. He spat upon the ground when he thought upon him, and turned his musings into more pleasant channels.

Soon he would be chief of the tribe and able to command where he had before served. He would fight the Kankine for one thing, and drive them from the little neighbouring island, whence they so frequently descended upon his people to annoy them with their poisoned darts. And he would move the village over into the little harbour at the south, where the winds were less fierce. There were many things he had in mind to accomplish when he should become chief.

What a fortunate thing he had waited until Cheluilka was to be mated instead of choosing little Natka last year, as he had at one time intended. It was Mati the Tiger who had put it into his head to wait.

"For my part," Mati had said at that time, "I shall wait for the mating of the Princess Cheluilka, for whoever wins her will be chief."

And he, because he hated Mati and wished to fight him, had also waited, and so there was no one to choose little Natka, who had looked at him reproachfully, but said no word.

It had been a long year, in which he had repeatedly quarrelled with his rival; but the end was nigh at last, and his ambitions would not only be fulfilled, but supplemented by a triumph over Mati the Tiger. True, it would be a struggle to the death; there was no doubt of that. But he, Gouigi, would win. As for Cheluilka, he knew very little about her, for he had been several years with the other young men at the wars, and the

Digitized by Google

fishing, and the hunting grounds, and the Princess had grown up in the village. But he had noted that Cheluilka was a handsome maiden, proud and reserved, and mixing little with the other girls of the tribe. He could recall, as he lay musing under the big tree, her full, rounded form, her piercing dark eyes, the erect carriage of her head and her disdainful smile. Yes, Cheluilka would do very well for a mate. She was not so lively as little Natka, nor could he expect her to mend his lines so deftly or to polish his spear so carefully as the laughing maiden who often followed him to the shore when he went fishing. But she was the chief's daughter, and with her he gained power and position, which, in their way, meant as much to the simple islander as to his civilised brethren.

The moon was waning now, and the light breeze which fanned his brow and fluttered the leaves of the trees heralded, he knew, the dawn.

He sat up, drew a piece of dried meat from his pouch, and leisurely ate of it, drinking afterwards from a little stream that flowed near by. Then, sitting down again, he examined with care his spear, testing its strength in every possible way.

Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he proceeded to bind up his long hair, heavy with grease, into a knot, fastening it upon the back of his head with a fish bone. Afterwards he made his toilet by rubbing every part of his body plentifully with grease, and then, seizing his weapon, he started through the forest on his way to the village.

With the first streak of dawn every member of the tribe was astir, and soon men, women and children were assembled upon the green slope that led to the sea. In two long lines that faced each other they squatted to witness the coming spectacle, and at the head of these lines sat the old chief, with the row of maidens just before him who were eligible to be mated.

The girls were calm enough, for it was well understood that but one would be chosen this day, since the fight was to the death. The surviving champion would, of course, select the Princess. The daughter of the chieftain, proud and self-contained, sat at the feet of her father, while the maidens on either side cast many curious and some envious glances at her dark, immobile face.

Little Natka was there, nearly at the end of the line, but her eyes were red with weeping, for on this day she knew that Gouigi was destined either to fall in death or to mate with the Princess, and either event would rob her of him for ever.

At the other end of the double row of spectators and facing the chief and the maidens, was the dark edge of the forest, and now, as the sun shot its first ray over the tree-tops, the aged chief rose painfully to his feet and exclaimed:

"It is the day of mating. The maidens await their lords. Who demands to choose first amongst them?"

"I demand the choice!" cried a voice, and a tall, powerful warrior stepped from the forest and advanced into the square. A loud murmur arose from the people, for this was Mati the Tiger, whose prowess was well known and respected.

But scarcely had he taken his place, spear in hand, when a lithe, slender form darted from the thicket and said boldly:

"I am here to choose first from the maidens. Who denies my right?"

"I!" returned Mati, and poising his spear he advanced upon his rival, who quickly sprang to meet him.

The contest was short. For a moment both whirled their slender spears rapidly before them, and then, quicker than the eye could follow, they came together—and separated. Mati stood upright, but his antagonist, uttering a great cry, fell writhing upon the ground and lay still, pierced to the heart by the sharp-pointed spear of his foe.

Again from the crowd rose a murmur of approval, and the Princess Cheluilka, aroused from her customary reserve, laughed aloud and clapped her hands together.

"Who now disputes my right?" cried Mati, strutting up and down in evident pride.

"I!" answered a voice, and another youth stepped from the forest to confront him.

The combat was longer this time, for the new champion was wary, and twice the warriors came together and separated before Mati's powerful arm could drive his spear-point home. Again he received the plaudits of the spectators, and again the Princess laughed.

The dead bodies were drawn from the square, and Mati turned to face another foe. But none were able to combat him long, and within the hour five dead forms lay side by side upon the green, silent evidences of his wonderful skill.

The Princess was fairly transformed by excitement. A deep red glowed beneath her brown cheeks, her eyes glistened like a serpent's, and as each warrior fell before the strong arm of Mati, her little hands were the first to demonstrate approval. She seemed to revel in the bloodshed, and Gouigi, watching her from the concealment of the forest, wondered at her high spirits, and glanced anon from her radiant face to where little Natka sat shrinking backwards and shielding her eyes from the ghastly scene.

But his turn had come now. Mati was already shouting:

"Who now challenges my right to choose first?"

Gouigi grasped his spear firmly and advanced with slow strides into the open. The crowd greeted the newcomer with a growl of applause.

His great form, erect and firmly-knit, glistened bravely in the morning sun. His head was thrown back in an attitude both dignified and defiant, and his clear eyes, steadfast and piercing, sought his rival's face and questioned it gravely. He looked every inch a chieftain, and the people, quick to judge a warrior's powers and resources, glanced at one another and whispered:

"Mati has found his match!"

Mati himself undoubtedly realised that his most desperate fight lay before him, but he did not flinch. Shaking his spear in bravado and casting a look at Cheluilka, who smiled and nodded her head to encourage him, he advanced with quick strides towards Gouigi the Hunter.

Swiftly the spears of the antagonists whirled above their heads and then, with a sudden rush, they met, and the crash of the spears, both splintered into fragments, echoed sharply through the forest.

The natives looked at each other in amazement, for such a thing as this had never happened before in their experience. Gouigi and Mati, each astonished at the force of the other's blow, stood face to face glaring defiance.

Then Gouigi turned his head.

"A spear!" he shouted.

Instantly two young men leapt from the ranks of the spectators and thrust their spears into the hands of the combatants.

Digitized by Google

"Good!" cried the Princess, leaning eagerly forward.

The fight began anew, and so fiercely did it wage that for a time nothing could be distinguished but a mass of struggling brown limbs and the flash of the greased spears as they whirled in the sunshine. Then arose a wild cry, for Gouigi's spear had broken near the middle and the Tiger was pressing him furiously. But Gouigi managed the half weapon that remained to him with such consummate dexterity that a minute later Mati's spear was wrenched from his grasp and sent flying through the air. The Tiger reeled backward, and fell upon his knees, and now, as in a flash, the sharp point of Gouigi's spear was at his throat.

But ere he had time to strike, a piercing scream cleft the air, and Cheluilka rushed forward and threw herself between the warriors.

"Hold!" she commanded, "he shall fight again!" Then, as a murmur arose, she added; "I am Cheluilka, the daughter of your chieftain, and I say he shall have another chance!"

Mati, still kneeling with bowed head, never moved from his place, while Gouigi with spear still poised, seemed as if carved from stone.

The aged chief tottered to his feet and looked round at his people with a troubled air.

"It is wrong," he said; "it is very wrong, and you all know it! But Cheluilka is a woman, and she is my daughter. It shall be as she says. Mati shall have one more chance."

The people were silent, sitting with knit brows and angry faces. But Gouigi drew back and cast down his broken spear.

"It is well," he said calmly. "Arise, Mati the Tiger, and choose your weapon."

Cheluilka rushed back to where the chief sat, and drawing two great knives, fashioned from tusks, from his girdle, cast them upon the ground before the duellists.

"There are the weapons!" she cried.

Mati sprang to his feet, seized one of the knives, and waved his hand at the Princess in token of thanks. Gouigi stooped to pick up the other knife, but before he could resume the defensive, Mati bounded upon him with the ferocity of his namesake, the tiger, and only a quick movement on Gouigi's part saved him from death. As it was the blow but slashed his shoulder, and never heeding the dark blood that gushed forth he sprang at his treacherous enemy with a fierceness that matched his own.

For a time the blows fell fast, the spectators gazing with breathless interest at the unwonted sight. Forward and backward they pressed, and then Mati's great left arm shot round Gouigi's neck and drew him close to his breast, but just as his knife was raised to strike, the combatants whirled half round and fell full upon the ground.

For a few seconds they remained motionless, then slowly Gouigi released himself from the other's grasp and rose to his feet. But Mati lay prone upon his back, and protruding from his breast was the hilt of the hunter's knife.

Amidst the cries of approval that greeted the conqueror was heard the clapping of hands, and Gouigi, glancing towards Cheluilka, was rewarded with a bright smile and a nod of her stately head. But further along the line his eyes wandered, and there was little Natka, sitting back in her place and sobbing softly for joy.

The warrior's stern face relaxed, and for the first time that day he smiled grimly.

Then, although blood was dripping from the many wounds upon his body, he advanced to the chief, and folding his arms with savage grace, said, in a clear voice:

"I claim the right to choose my mate from these maidens. Who dares dispute me?"

There was no reply, and the old chief again arose and slowly addressed him.

"You have fought a great fight, and you have won. There is none living who dares dispute your right. Therefore, choose your mate from these maidens, and may your house be ever the abode of peace and plenty!"

In these words was the ceremony concluded, and now all eyes were turned upon the Princess Cheluilka. The daughter of the chief arose to her feet. The smile still lingered upon her features, but she held herself proudly erect as her dark eyes read the rebuke upon the faces confronting her.

"Mati was brave," she said, "but he is dead; and Gouigi was more brave, and is alive! Therefore, if I favoured the Tiger in the fight, it was to prove that Gouigi had the strongest arm and the greatest skill. Now you know why I gave Mati another chance. I have spoken."

She gave one proud look round her, and then her eyes sought those of Gouigi, and again she smiled.

No shout of approval greeted her speech as she resumed her seat. The people were silently watching Gouigi. He stood before the chief in the same attitude as before, but now a frown contracted his swarthy face, and his great eyes glittered strangely.

"Choose, oh, Gouigi!" commanded the chief.

Gouigi started and raised his head. Slowly his eyes passed down the line of maidens until they rested upon little Natka, and lifting his right hand he walked deliberately to where she sat and, drawing the astonished girl to his side, he exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I have the right to choose, and from all these maidens I take Natka to be my mate!"

Even that isolated tribe of savages could appreciate a heroism greater than mere prowess in battle, and the air resounded with wild cries of approval as the men and women of Macheki gathered round Gouigi to offer their congratulations.

But soon a hush fell upon the crowd, and with one accord they turned towards the scene of the late conflict, for the proud Cheluilka, unable to support the infamy of the slight Gouigi had put upon her, had rushed to the body of Mati, and drawing the knife from his breast, plunged it deep into her own heart.

S. PERCIVAL.

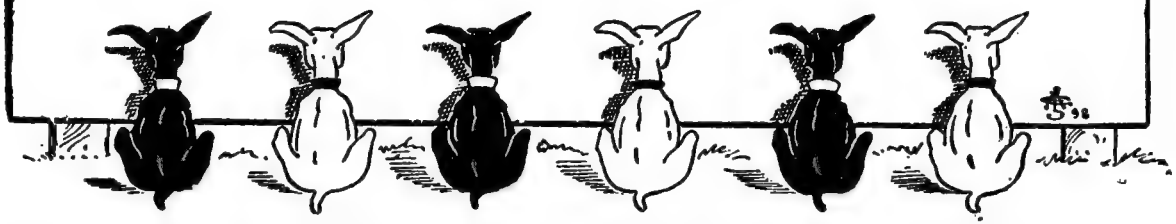
---


## CAN YOU MAKE ROCK CAKES?

SIX cash prizes of Five Shillings each are offered to the senders of the best rock cakes, made from any recipe. The competition is running in *Home Notes*, and closes on December the 29th. Anyone who can make these little cakes may compete, and only three need be sent. Full directions regarding competition will be found in *Home Notes* dated November 26th, now on sale.


Digitized by Google

# THAT HORSE OF STIVER'S.



THE other morning at breakfast Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse during the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day; but what kind of a horse I didn't know. I never went in the stable, for two reasons—in the first place, I had no desire to, and secondly, I was not sure that the horse cared particularly for company.

I had never taken care of a horse in my life, and had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect. But I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" she said.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I walked out towards the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given the horse his breakfast, and I found him eating it, so I looked about. He looked about too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck measure and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over, and never look round to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I wondered if Stiver's was one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat-box and filled the peck measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats he almost smiled. This pleased and amused him. As I emptied them into the trough, I left him to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled up the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on the top of him.

He brought his head up so suddenly at this, that I immediately got down, letting go everything to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter, and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart that awful beast was cutting round in that stall and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the row, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being for me and three lumps of coal she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me angry.

"Go away!" I shouted. "Do you want to knock my brains out?"

For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house.

She retired at once. At the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck measure—not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house and got her to do me up, and then I sat down in a chair and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After awhile I felt better, and went out to the stable again.

The horse was leaning against the stable stall with eyes half-closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head that I sat down on the floor. I went back to the house and applied some more liniment. But I couldn't keep away from that stable.

I went out there again.

The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise.

Exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him round the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering

Digitized by Google

about and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition stud worth speaking of on that side of the stable. Mrs. Perkins was at the window, and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me before I got through with it.

He went round a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his forelegs, and looked at me.

Then he leant forward a little and hoisted both hind legs, and threw about two hods of mud over a full line of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window and, whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings, but the instant the mud flew she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the steps with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver.

I instantly dodged.

It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why don't you get rid of him?" she said.

"How can I?" said I in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

That is just like a woman.

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast. I could either swallow him where he stood, and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these experiments by his coming towards me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house. Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to take care of him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate, and I am healing as fast as possible.

T. Russell.

# The Strange Story of a Box.

I was sitting by my library fire one evening, smoking, when my manservant informed me that a large box had arrived. I suddenly remembered that it was my birthday, and that I had casually mentioned the fact to my friend Brindle.

Now Brindle was much addicted to the playing of practical jokes (this to me was a flaw in an otherwise delightful character), and perhaps on this occasion I might be the victim, so I told the man to help me carry it into the library and then he might go.

The box which was a long and rather narrow one, was, I noticed, perforated in every direction. It was fastened with a padlock, in which I found the key.

I opened it and started back in amazement, for inside it lay one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my lot to see, and she was either asleep or dead.

She was dressed in a long trailing robe of violet velvet —what a woman would, I think, describe as a "tea-gown"; the train of it made a sort of cushion for her head and over it strayed long strands of golden hair.

I fetched a mirror and held it to her lips; a faint cloud spread over it at once.

She was not dead then, but sleeping.

Yet—who sent her here? And why in such a plight?

I had no women-folk to apply to in my dilemma; besides, one's women-folk are apt to look askance at "strangers" of their own sex, especially if these are very beautiful.

I decided hurriedly to take my man Burns into my confidence, a Scotchman (he always claimed descent from the poet) and very excellent servant, who had been with me for years. And he appeared with such celerity, that a suspicion crossed my mind—but no, surely he was above spying through key-holes!

I pointed to the girl and asked him helplessly what I had better do.

"Do, sir? Why send for the nearest doctor, and for a detective from Scotland Yard."

"Of course!" I cried. "Why didn't I think of that myself? Take a cab and do both errands—I will stay here in case she awakes."

He went off at once. He had hardly been gone ten minutes when the door-bell rang. I opened it myself and admitted a tall thin man, who announced that a policeman had asked him to call at my house, and that his name was Dr. Smith of M—— Street.

"A policeman—you mean my servant."

"No I don't, I mean a policeman," he said testily. "Where is the patient? I am a busy man, sir, and can't afford to waste time."

Rather bewildered, I led the way to the library—and in a few words told him my story and showed him the white figure lying so still and beautiful in those regal velvet robes.

He crossed the room to look closer.

"Good Heavens!" he said. "It is Mlle. Sophie Seslagin, a Russian lady and a patient of my own. What can this mean?" He proceeded to investigate what would be the cause of her strange trance-like sleep.

"She has been drugged," he said. "I once studied in Russia, and there they use a curiously smelling herb,

Digitized by Google

for such purposes, difficult to detect unless one is used to dealing with it."

"All that is very interesting—to you," I said impatiently. "But what am *I* to do?"

"I will send you a nurse at once," he said. "Have you a spare room? Good. The nurse is a sensible woman, and will put the lady to bed and ask no questions except of a professional description.

"Now, you must excuse me, I am watching a very interesting case. I will call again in the morning; meanwhile I can do nothing. No drug known acts on a patient under the influence of the one I mentioned; she will wake naturally in about twelve hours time." And with that the doctor bustled away.

The next person to arrive was the detective (his name was Holmes), to whom I repeated my story.

He listened attentively, looked at Mlle. Seslagin, but made no remark worth relating, and presently went away, after giving me strict injunctions to allow no one access to my strange guest but the nurse and the doctor. I promised to attend to his warning and showed him out myself, to find on the door-step a comfortable, motherly-looking nurse, who produced Dr. Smith's card, and into whose capable hands I put the management of affairs generally with a sigh of relief, which sigh I repeated as the door of the "spare-room" was shut between me and the still sleeping stranger.

Only the long, coffin-like box was still in my study.

Suddenly I caught sight of a piece of paper which had been pinned to the lid inside.

On it was roughly sketched a ship, some waves, and a woman apparently drowning. What this could mean I could not guess.

I was still puzzling over it when the door-bell rang again.

This time a man stood there—he had evidently just stepped out of a close carriage which waited near the kerb, and he wore an ulster with a high collar which almost concealed his face.

"I have come," he said, "to retrieve a large box which was left here by mistake."

"Then you have come to the wrong man," I said boldly. "That box, and its contents, are in my care."

As I spoke, to my surprise two policemen sprang out of the shadow of a neighbouring archway, and seized the man before he had time to turn round.

"We were given a hint to keep an eye on this house, sir—by Mr. Holmes," one of them informed me shortly, before they marched off to the nearest "station" with their prisoner.

I retreated indoors and awaited developments. Evidently I was in for a night of it, I thought grimly.

And indeed, I had only taken half a dozen pulls at my pipe when a four-wheeler drove up. Inside were Mr. Holmes the detective, two policemen, and *my servant Burns with handcuffs on.*

"What does this mean?" I asked.

The detective came into the house and shut the door—the cab drove off—and I mechanically followed him into the library.

There, he turned and faced me.

"It means," he said, "shortly, this: that your man-servant is a member of a dangerous secret society of anarchists. Mlle. Seslagin (who is very rich) had bribed one of the younger members to sell her some papers which contained a clear and concise account of how to set about placing bombs in Westminster Abbey before the coming Royal Marriage—in order to blow up the whole Royal party.

"Once or twice, lately, Mlle. Seslagin's house has been broken into, not for purposes of theft, but to find the missing papers, which she had copied and sent to the police, but kept the originals to put the anarchists off the scent and help the authorities to catch them all together.

"Besides, she wanted to pretend she had *not* given information. She knew anarchists and their ways and feared their vengeance. She little knew their skill! They contrived this very evening to enter her house, drug her wine, and (while all her servants were at supper) they put her into this box which they had got ready and carried her off.

"The orders were to deliver the box at No. 1 Mortimer Street.

"By a curious coincidence, there happen to be two Mortimer Streets, and *the box was brought to the wrong one.*

"The plan was (had she been taken to the anarchist who lives in the other) to cross-examine her on the subject of these papers, and then she was to be taken out to sea and drowned. Dead men—and women—tell no tales."

I handed him the paper I had found.

"Yes—that is the formal order for her death. I know their cipher well."

"And—Burns?" I asked. "How was it, if he was 'in it,' that he offered—nay, *went*—to fetch the doctor and you?"

"He did neither. I sent a policeman for the doctor, and came of my own accord; Mlle. Seslagin's house has been watched for the last week, for (unless she was in danger of her life) I made up my mind to wait and catch the whole gang at No. 1 Mortimer Street to-night. The driver's mistake has put me out rather, in my calculations, for Burns had time to warn the others before I managed to 'nab' him. However, I hope for better luck another time. Meanwhile, you have indirectly saved that poor lady's life."

As he finished speaking I was busy writing; I handed him a cheque.

"Thank you, sir, though really I am so pleased at to-night's work I almost feel like refusing this."

"Nonsense, I may need you again. Good-night."

After that I was at last allowed to go to bed in peace.

I was a bachelor of long years' standing, and quite unaccustomed to such doings and goings on.

Still—though I can't say that the events of that night were exactly pleasant ones, I always, in after years, remembered it with something like gratitude, for that long, coffin-like box, which I thought held a practical joke, was the means of my making the acquaintance of the lady who afterwards became my wife.

CONSTANCE CRAIGIE HALKETT.

---

**The Christmas Number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which costs sixpence, was published on November 17th. It contains complete stories by Beatrice Heron-Maxwell, George Griffith, Baroness Orczy, J. Le Breton, Basil Tozer, Mayne Lindsay, Alice Callander, Maud Coleborn, Ulysses Rogers, A. O. Tibbits.**

**The Number, which is inclosed in a coloured wrapper, includes three coloured plates.**

Digitized by Google

# DISENCHANTMENT.

When Don Luis became aware of his granddaughter's decision he was very much displeased, but yet it was, in the main, the surprise which irritated him. How was he to explain to himself this sudden wilful rupture which would put an end to a marriage arranged to the entire satisfaction of two families, and, above all, of the lovers themselves?

What had passed between them? What had actuated this step on the part of the young girl? Considering her intelligence, goodness and discretion, thought the poor old man, undoubtedly it was a grave and sufficient cause.

So the good gentleman, irritated by this turn of affairs, and spurred on by affection, determined to know the truth. Throwing aside the newspaper that he was holding in his hand, and confronting his daughter-in-law who had just given him the disagreeable news, he inquired:

"Is she in her room?"

"Yes, Señor; finishing her toilet, so that we may go out for a walk in the air. Heard you ever the like?" replied the mother with an expression of utter disgust.

"To walk—the same day that this scandal has occurred?"

"Just as you hear."

"Then I shall speak to her. Do you go first, tell her she may expect me, and leave us alone."

In a few moments and in a very bad humour, though without losing his outward calm, Don Luis entered the apartment of his granddaughter, where everything was extremely simple, but in which there was nothing great or small but revealed to the most casual observer the wealth of the family and the exquisite taste of the girl.

The walls were covered with a delicate tapestry, almost pure white, with tiny garlands of roses and buds running in slender lines from ceiling to floor, the furniture was upholstered with the same, and the carpet very light in tone. On the mantel stood a clock of antique porcelain between two tall, slim Venetian glasses, filled with white chrysanthemums.

The little accessories of the toilet table were of cut glass and ivory, bearing monogram and crest, and upon the table, beside a Sèvres vase and an elegant workbox, there were three photographs, two recent ones of the parents of the young girl, and one, yellowed with time, of Don Luis, in the uniform of lieutenant-general, his breast covered with crosses, and the medal of Africa.

The little señorita was seated on a low chair fastening the buckles of her shoes, when, observing the entrance of Don Luis, she instantly sprang to her feet, darted to his side, and putting her arms about him, exclaimed with the utmost tenderness:

"Little grandfather, dearest, why hast thou climbed up here? I was just going to thy room. When do I ever go out without first going to give thee a kiss?"

The two faces pressed close together in an affectionate embrace, were a marked contrast. The old man's still bore, amid its wrinkles the traces of an arrogant youth, and the beautiful girl of twenty summers, kissing him tenderly, appeared eager to impart to him something of her own abundant life and freshness. But presently, Don Luis recollecting what had brought him to his grandchild's room, disengaged himself with gentle firmness, and endeavouring to assume a tone of great severity, though with little success, said confusedly:

"But what is this? What has happened? Thinkest thou men are puppets that thou canst play with them? Dost thou know the scandal thou hast caused? Is it nothing that at this moment all Madrid is talking of us, and blaming thee, Heaven knows how!"

"Do not be vexed with me, little grandfather."

"But to appear so fickle! With the house nearly ready, the presents made—and to break it in this manner. What are people going to think?"

"Oh, I have cause!"

"What hast thou to complain of? Does it appear to thee that a young man of an age proportionate to thine, of good family, handsome, rich, and disposed to marry thee is a thing to be encountered every day? What has he done to thee? Who has broken, he or thou?"

"He has done nothing to me; and as for the breaking I have done it all."

"Foolish girl!"

"What wouldst thou, little grandfather? We may be intimate with persons for months, whole years, believing that we know them, and suddenly we find they have deceived us, and we knew them not at all. Better to learn the truth while there is yet time."

"But has he done anything ugly? Knowest thou anything dishonourable?"

"A little thing, which to me signifies much. Some people will say that I have made myself ridiculous. I am satisfied that I have done right. But, come here, come, and do not quarrel with me till you know all."

She said this between smiles and tears, but with much earnestness; then drew an armchair near the fire, where a couple of logs were crackling, made Don Luis accommodate himself therein, and one moment seating herself on his knees, the next pacing the floor, she spoke thus:

"Handsome, rich, of good family, all this is true; and moreover, I confess I loved him. And, nevertheless, I have broken with him for a little thing, for something which for many women would have no significance and represent nothing——"

"But what? Relate it!"

"You know already that we have been in love for more than a year and a half. It all began soon after papa bought this house. From the windows of this room I could see all the Calle del Obelisco as far as the entrance of the Castellana. I watched for Manolo every morning at ten o'clock, behind these windows, and almost always, with the punctuality of the true lover, he arrived in a few minutes on horseback. I would see him appear where the boulevard crosses the Castellana,

Digitized by Google

She sprang to her feet.

presently he would urge Lucero to a trot, and in a few minutes more he would be here."

"And what a handsome horse that is—a jewel!"

"Lucero would come with arched neck, his head drawn well in, and sensitive to the bridle, with froth dropping from his mouth, steps so airy that he seemed to spurn the ground from beneath his feet, and his tail erect and restless. It almost seemed that the intelligent animal knew he was coming to bring me an hour of happiness, and hastened in order to please me.

"In the twinkling of an eye he arrived at the iron grating.

"Unless it was raining, I went down to the garden, as at that hour no one ever passed this way, and there by the gate was a little time of chatting with Manolo; and I always gave to Lucero a biscuit or a couple of lumps of sugar. You cannot conceive how well he knew, how he would turn his head from side to side expectantly, until I stretched out my hand with the dainties through the iron bars of the gate.

"Of course, the principal occupation was talking with Manolo, hearing pleasant nonsense, pretty speeches, making plans for the future—you can imagine it all, little grandfather. With the horse I occupied myself but a moment; but, in truth, I loved him. I had a great tenderness for him; it was he who brought Manolo to me, and bore him as though upon wings. When I lay down to sleep I used to think of the hour of our meeting, wishing that the day might be fair, so that I could go down into the garden; when, at the window, my heart beat with expectation, my imagination pictured first of all to me the prancing of Lucero, his sudden appearance round the curve of the Castellana, his rapid trot clattering loudly on the hard ground, and then his waiting below, restive, with smoking flanks, and pawing the ground, down there by the rose bushes and hedges of the garden, which was where I would stand——"

"But why do you recall all this?"

"Was I truly in love with Manolo? With my hand upon my heart—so I believe. Above all, even more than handsome, well bred, loving and very chivalrous, to me he seemed good, above reproach, a man of fine feelings."

"And then?"

"I have nearly finished. Ten or twelve days ago, one morning Manolo came on a different horse. Naturally, the change surprised me.

"'And Lucero?' I asked him.

"'He is sick.'

"'What ails him.'

"'I do not know; some trouble in one of his feet.'

"'Poor horse!'

"'Oh, we will cure it yet.'

"We spoke no more of it. In the days following I inquired for the horse, and it struck me that he evaded a reply. Finally last week his servant unfortunately came to bring me a letter, and, as he knew that I always bestowed upon him some little present, he asked to see me. The horse coming to my thoughts I asked him:

"'How is Lucero?'

"The boy assumed a very singular expression between sadness and stupidity, and answered:

"'He will never eat again, I am thinking.'

"'Is he dead?'

"'Yes, senorita. Ah, if it had been no worse than to die—poor beast!' said he.

"'Then what has happened?'

"Upon this the servant, like one who fears having spoken too much, remained obstinately silent, I had to draw the words from him by force of cunning. Until I had promised to say nothing on the subject to Manolo, he was unwilling to relate what had happened. To be brief: He told me that the horse had sustained some injury to the hoof, the nature of which I do not know, save that it was swollen and very sore. And here comes what is horrible and cruel. The veterinaries said to Manolo that for this there was no remedy, that the horse would remain very lame, if not perfectly useless, and Manolo, instead of allowing him to die in his stable, even though it cost him something—and how fortunate he should have counted himself that he could so easily bear the expense!—instead even of granting him the mercy of a bullet, sold him, sold him to the Plaza de Toros! And thou knowest——"

"What brutality!" exclaimed Don Luis, unable to restrain himself.

"And what is worse, that was on Friday, then on Sunday I was present at the Corrida, and I saw the poor Lucero die in the arena, as they die there—I can say no more, little grandfather!"

At this point the young girl dried a tear which flowed perhaps both in pity for the dead horse and bitterness for her shattered ideal, and continued, saying:

"It is a pleasure for me to go sometimes to *los toros*, for the excitement and the crowd, and to attire myself in the mantilla, but what Manolo has done is unspeakable. It was the horse which brought him to me, which I watched for, and which I loved because he came flying! I have often heard thee tell of thy great sorrow when thy horse was shot from under thee at the battle of San Pedro Abanto, and so," concluded the girl with extraordinary energy, "it seems impossible to me that this man can be good, and marry him I never will!"

K. Dombey.

Digitized by Google

# THE LOOKING-GLASS.

THE evening of the 11th Pluviose, year II. of the Republic (February 1st, 1794), Mademoiselle Nanine de Leigrealles, who, at this period of the Terror was called simply "Citoyenne Leigrealles," retired early to her sleeping chamber. In these troubled times she lived alone with an old nurse in a country house inherited from her mother and situated at Eillons, near the village of Ecouviers, a short league from the Belgian frontier.

After passing a large part of her childhood and youth in this retired region, she had again taken refuge there on the occasion of the sequestration of the patrimonial hotel where she was residing in Verdun with her father, the Marquis de Leigrealles, whose property was confiscated as that of an "emigre" when the Marquis went to join the army of Conde. Eillons and Ecouviers not being agitated by the revolutionary fever, Mdlle. de Leigrealles, loved and respected by all the peasants in the neighbourhood, found herself there in almost absolute safety.

This evening, all through the supper, her old nurse, Bastienne, had told her exciting stories in relation to visions and revelations on Candlemas night. She had even assured her young mistress that by placing a mirror under the bolster and pronouncing certain words, one could see that night "during one's sleep" the man whom one was to love and afterwards marry. Nanine, who was slightly superstitious, longed to test the truth of this legend. It was for this reason she went to her room immediately after supper.

Once alone and half undressed, she took a looking glass in her hand, and before hiding it under the pillow, looked complacently at what it showed her.

Mdlle. de Leigrealles was entering upon her twenty-fourth year, and her beauty had attained its full development. Tall, slender, stately, *fait au tour*, as they said in those days, she had pretty, curling, black hair, large brown eyes, a white skin, and a little mouth, with tiny dimples in the cheek when it smiled. Her blood was hot, an inheritance from a long line of gay and gallant ancestors, and her heart was very tender. Although the Terror was at its height, people thought none the less of love and its secrets, and this adorable girl, while living discreetly, inwardly lamented her loneliness, and grieved to have no lovers. But what could be done? Chances became more and more rare. the young men of quality who might have loved her had all emigrated, and she was too proud to marry a boor.

Stifling a sight of regret, half amused and half credulous, she decided to repeat the sacramental words which Bastienne had taught her.

"Mirror, make me see while sleeping
Him who is to be my lover!"

Then she slipped the mirror under the bolster, went to bed, and soon fell asleep.

Well, almost immediately the charm took effect. In the midst of her first sleep she saw in her dream a long perspective of mirrors, in which there moved as in a fog a multitude of eccentric heads. Gradually the fog lightened, the figures defined themselves, then blended into a single apparition—very distant, in the recesses of a church chancel. The apparition slowly approached, and then Nanine distinguished an old man with hoary head and wrinkled cheeks, in French costume, who advanced towards her, and held out his hand to her. The idea that she was destined to marry this old nobleman, at least sixty, so shocked her that she awakened suddenly. She had great difficulty in going to sleep again, and rose the next morning still agitated by her dream.

As she completed her toilette, Bastienne entered her room and said, in handing her a letter:

"Mademoiselle, a gentleman has just arrived, who asked me to deliver this note to you, and wishes to speak with you."

Nanine glanced at the superscription of the note, which she hurriedly unsealed as she recognised the handwriting of her father, the Marquis de Leigrealles, as follows:—

"My dear Nanine,—This note will be transmitted to you by one of our countrymen, Count Frehaut, who has been charged by the Prince de Conde with a confidential mission in Lorraine. Receive the Count with all hospitality, and conceal him until he shall find means to arrive at his destination. He will inform you of our affairs and give you intelligence of your father, who embraces you tenderly.

FRANCOIS DE LEIGREALLES.

Luxembourg, January 30."

With a beating heart Nanine hastened to descend to the drawing-room, where the traveller had been received. She saw a gentleman who appeared to have passed his fiftieth year, muffled in a brown great coat, and vaguely resembling the old man of her dream. Not-

Digitized by Google

withstanding his apparent age, his drawn features, his creased eyelids, the Count had a lively eye, and his fine brown eyebrows contrasted with the grey hair, which he wore very long, and tied at the back of his neck with a black ribbon.

After ceremonious greetings and brief tidings respecting the situation and health of the Marquis de Leigrealles, M. de Frèhaut admitted to his hostess that he was broken down with fatigue, having made the last part of his journey at night, on foot, and asked permission to take the rest of which he was in great need. Nanine gave orders that a room should be prepared for him. He retired to it as soon as it was ready, and did not appear again during the day. But towards evening, Mlle. de Leigrealles having inquired after him, he notified the young girl that he was completely restored, and that he would come down to supper.

He presented himself accordingly at about seven o'clock, freshly shaven, and simply dressed in a coat of coarse brown cloth, with two rows of buttons, in grey, tight-fitting breeches and scalloped half-boots. Despite his wrinkles, his grey hair, and bent shoulders, he had a very pleasing air, distinguished manners, exquisite courtesy, and extraordinary vivacity for his age. They went into the dining-room, and sat down together at a table before a good fire of blazing wood. The menu, superintended by Mdlle. de Leigrealles, was substantial and delicate; the wines were of the choicest quality.

M. de Frèhaut did honour to the repast, and showed himself a charming guest, and brilliant talker. He had sprightliness and imagination, and related with much humour his adventures as an "emigre." Was it the effect of the pretty, sparkling wines to which she was not accustomed, or perhaps of her youth and her protracted solitude that inclined her to susceptibility? When the dessert came, Nanine de Leigrealles had begun to find her guest very fascinating for a man who was approaching his sixties.

They took coffee in the parlour, and, as the harpsichord stood open, M. de Frèhaut inquired of Nanine if she were musical. Upon her affirmative reply, he admitted that he had been in his day quite a pleasing vocalist. Nanine proposed to accompany him, and, without waiting to be urged, he sang her an air from *Orphee*, "I have lost my Eurydice." His voice, uncommonly fresh and young, confirmed the impression already made upon Mlle. Leigrealles. Music, we all know, acts marvellously upon the senses and the heart. When they quitted the harpsichord, the conversation had taken quite naturally a more sentimental, a more intimate turn. While maintaining the reserve imposed upon him by his age, M. de Frèhaut had become eager, almost admiring; his conversation hovered discreetly over the theme of love; his blue eyes had an expression which became more and more insinuating, more and more penetrating. When he retired at eleven o'clock, he lingeringly kissed the hands of his hostess, and left Nanine much moved, and quite ashamed of the emotion produced in her by this *tête-à-tête* with a man more than double her age.

She passed a restless night, recalling with too much pleasure the trifling incidents of the evening, letting her fancy wander in singular dreams, then blushing at her own folly.

Her awakening was equally agitating, but in a very different fashion. Towards noon the Mayor of Ecouviers arrived at Eillons by a private road, and warned Nanine that she was suspected of entertaining an emissary of Pitt and Coburg. Some bad fellows had seen M. de Fréhaut enter her house, and had hurried to denounce her to the Revolutionary Committee of Montmedy. A domiciliary visit was impending; he came to warn her as a friend.

"What can be done?" exclaimed the terrified girl.

"You must rid yourself at the earliest possible moment of this dangerous visitor," replied the worthy man. "At the foot of your park there is a pavilion hidden by the trees. Hide this gentleman there until night. When it grows dark my son will come for him, and will conduct him through the woods to the frontier. As soon as your man hears the owlet's cry, he has only to step over the window-ledge of the pavilion, and he will find my boy at the foot of the wall."

This was indeed the only means of safety. Nanine, trembling with fear, went to apprise M. de Fréhaut of the peril that menaced him. She made him breakfast hastily in his room, and herself conducted him to the pavilion, where she remained with him, shuddering at the faintest noise, her ear on the alert, and at each movement fearing some surprise. He, on the contrary, habituated to similar alarms, showed himself very philosophical, and regretted but one thing—to so suddenly leave his charming hostess. Seeing her great terror, he endeavoured to reassure her by his affectionate manners, at first paternal, but gradually more and more tender.

The hours of the afternoon wore thus away, with alternations of anxiety and of melancholy interest. Despite her fears, Nanine was surprised and grieved to note the rapid passage of the hours.

At Candlemas, night comes early. Towards five o'clock the little octagonal room of the pavilion grew dark.

"Alas!" sighed M. de Fréhaut, "the moment of our separation approaches."

He took Nanine's hands.

"Before going away, permit me, Mdlle. de Leigrealles, to thank you for your kind reception, and to assure you that I will preserve an unbroken recollection of it."

While speaking he drew her to him, kissed her brow and then her eyes.

Nanine, bewildered, her heart contracting, felt herself dominated by a sudden impulse. Her head swam; but it was a sweet faintness, a delicious bewilderment. Suddenly she laid her lips upon the cheek of M. de Frehaut, who, trembling and with quite youthful fervour, responded by passionate caresses. For a moment they forgot everything in this transport of love. Then the owlet's cry, resounding from the end of the road, recalled them to the present.

"It is the signal," stammered Nanine; "adieu!"

He wished to enfold her again, but she withdrew herself firmly.

"Go!" she entreated.

De Fréhaut stepped lightly over the window-ledge and disappeared down the gloomy path.

Recovering herself, and deeply agitated, greatly confused because of her weakness, Mlle. de Leigrealles returned to her house. It was time. Officers armed with search warrants were arriving. They got nothing for their pains, showed themselves, on the whole, sufficiently obliging, and went away after drinking large bumpers to the health of the "Citoyenne."

Nanine shut herself up in her room in order to avoid the eyes of old Bastienne. It seemed to her that anyone could read in her face her remorse—and also her regrets. Even while dreaming of the fugitive she blamed herself

Digitized by Google

for the unpardonable weakness which had thrown her into the arms of a man almost as old as her father.

The following day the Mayor came to reassure her as to the fate of M. de Fréhaut.

"He crossed the frontier," he told her, "without being disturbed, and my boy conducted him as far as Verton."

"He must have been faint with fatigue," sighed Mlle. de Leigrealles. "Think of it—so long a stretch on foot—at his age."

"At his age!" repeated the peasant with a burst of laughter. "Ah, he is not over thirty! He was smeared and powdered so as not to be recognised. But once in Belgium he threw away his wig, and our Claude found himself confronted by a handsome young fellow!"

"Ah!" murmured Nanine, growing dreamy and agitated again. At the same time, her eyes moistened, and she mused over the brief moments of their love which perhaps would never return.

When the Count de Fréhaut returned in 1815 with Louis XVIII., he was really ripe and grey. The King, in recompense for his services, created him Inspector of Forests in the Mersin region. M. de Fréhaut inquired for Mlle. de Leigrealles. She had remained unmarried and continued to live at Eillons. He called to see her, found her still attractive, notwithstanding her forty-five years, and the following year they were married.

It was thus that her vision of Candlemas night came true for Nanine.

B. COLLINS.

# AN UNSUSPECTED HERO.

THE doleful sound of the old bell had been our childish terror. The autumn wind or winter's blast sent out its measured sounds, and above the noise of the summer storm we could hear its regular notes.

We lived nearer to the Old Red House than anyone in the parish, but others heard its melancholy tones, and were secretly afraid.

It had been ringing that way for ten years or more. The bell was the first in that neighbourhood, and had been hung in the forks of a young maple by the dead master of the Red House. Rust covered its sides, and the tongue, said men who had looked to see, was half gone, but tongueless as it was, the wind, swaying the tree, still sent forth those weird, tolling sounds.

Decay was king at the Red House now. A solitary green blind hung at an upper storey window and creaked in the wind, adding its sharp notes to those of the bell. Gnarled old apple trees grew in the front by the roadside, and the tall lilac bushes obscured the windows, close by the settling porch. The paint was off in great patches, and rags filled the place of many broken panes in the windows.

To the left the ground sloped into a deep ravine. The raspberry and blackberry bushes near the gulch had grown into a wild and tangled mass. Other shrubs and bushes had come up and made a copse of impenetrable density. Here, almost entirely hidden by the growth, three tombstones, yellow and mossy, marked neglected graves. It was within the deep and unbroken shadows of this copse our childish fancy pictured the home of the Ghosts and Goblins who rang the bell and made fiendish merriment when the wind was high.

The legends said it was the oldest house in the neighbourhood. Its paint was bright and new when my father was a boy, and its master was the "aristocrat" of the country round. I think he must have been a gentleman in every sense of the word, reserved and never understood by his neighbours. Most of them had lived to see him die and the bats and birds take up their abode in the great cornice, the tall grass to grow each year, and die uncut.

Other farms were neat, or if not, showed signs of some progress. You could almost see that young life was about them, the grass was so trodden down, and the places where children play were everywhere apparent. The Red House might have been the home of a tottering, feeble old man, with no hands but his to do the work.

The builder of the Red House had died five years before, but the place was still peopled. No one called on its inmates but a lawyer, the guardian of the son, Joseph Shepard.

Physically, the youth was as his dead father had been. He had broad shoulders, was tall, and his muscles were of iron. A light brown beard grew upon his face, for

Digitized by Google

he had never been shaved. His vacant, staring eyes, half-open mouth, and shuffling, undecisive walk told the story. The massive head was empty. Quiet and harmless, he played boyish games with us at the door of the country school and at our homes. But he never let us go beyond the gate at the Red House. Everyone was confronted with the same remark:

"You cannot come in." And young and old knew, as they looked at him, that it would not do to disobey.

I know we all felt sorry for Joe, and never fully understood why he should be simple. Sometimes he would be morose and sullen, and stay within the damp and musty walls for days. His three sisters lived there with him.

Two of them we had seen, but the other was never seen out of doors in daytime. Once, at night, when, in a storm, my father and I were hurrying home, the bell began to toll and fearful cries and shrieks came from the House.

My father stopped his horse and listened. He thought it might be the solitary, creaking blind. The cries continued, lower, and more like a wail of pain than before. I crept close to his side, and I know he shuddered involuntarily.

A flash of lightning illuminated the scene, and the Red House stood out in all its decay. Near the great lilac bush, her hands extended, was the ghostly form of a woman. We were close to the fence, and I could see the look upon her face.

"Annie!" whispered my father.

All was darkness again. A sound of a heavy voice, which I knew was Joe's, a shriek which sent the blood freezing in my veins, and then another flash.

The figure in white had disappeared, and my father drove on.

"There is a bane upon the household," said our neighbour, Mr. Talbott, the next day. "First, the mother dies, and a sweet, pretty woman she was, too; mourning for a son who was, and was not. I didn't know much about him, but leastways I know he broke his mother's heart, not coming to see her or letting her know where he was. I knew them intimately. They said as how he went away and died."

"That was what somebody said," replied my father.

"But he didn't. Oh! I know, he had it, too, and it's a duty of mine, seeing you are a guardian of the parish, to impart this in my humble way. He died in an asy um."

"Insane?" was the astonished question.

"Mad. He knowed it was coming on. It's hereditry. Father had 'em, grandfather had 'em, and children's gettin' hereditry, too. So Shepard knowed it was a-coming. He felt it n his head, and arranged things for the children. He hung on so long as he could, and then he went in an asylum."

"Horrible!"

"It's nothing to what follows. I have been doing business for the guardian for many years. I know how things is. Annie's got hereditry now, and last night shows how bad."

"Why, she's been more or less so for years," said my father.

"But it isn't a bad sort, and Joe——"

My father groaned.

"And Joe"—Mr. Talbott rose. His ruddy face had turned white with excitement—"is gettin' bad, very bad, and when he goes out I tremble for the lives of the children of this neighbourhood."

My father forbade us playing with Joe from that moment. It was only two weeks later that the wide road was filled with clouds of dust made by a long funeral procession following behind a plain hearse which bore the remains of Annie Shepard.

We went over the fields to school that winter to keep from possibly encountering Joe. We never mentioned his name above a whisper. It seemed cruel to us sometimes to be deprived of his assistance in all our childish amusements. But we had an inward fear of him, and hid many times behind fences when he appeared in sight.

One cold winter's morning when we arrived we found the bigger boys and girls all talking in great excitement.

Joe had done something awful. He had nearly killed Mr. Talbott, and fled, no one knew where. The teacher, a gentle, timid little woman, kept the door locked all day.

Once little Jimmie Parker screamed out in fright.

"It's Joe!" he gasped, pointing to a window.

But no one else saw him. The woods came up so close, and there were no windows in the back wall.

When three o'clock came, the teacher said she would not hear the spelling, and dismissed us at once. No one went our way. We lived in the last house on that side of the village. So half-frightened, but telling everybody we were not afraid, we started across the field towards home.

We did not loiter, but wound in and out among the fallen logs, covered with little roofs of snow, and the brush-heaps, casting furtive glances behind every pile, and trembling at every noise. My sister Gertie was ahead. It was only fifty yards now to run, her inward fear accelerating her speed at every step.

As she came to the open space, a dark object leapt forward and struck her to the ground. I stopped, too frightened to move.

"Joe!" I had said under my breath.

But it was not Joe. It was Mr. Joslin's great brown bull, which had always been tied in the stable. Now its red eyes gleamed fire through shaggy brows, as it leapt over the prostrate body of Gertie, but whirled and turned to trample her. She had risen to her feet, and with more presence of mind than I displayed, started to run.

But the brute was close to her.

Then I saw a great shuffling figure rush between them.

It was Joe.

I danced with delight.

"Run for the fence, Gertie!" I shouted.

I never knew just how it happened, but with those mighty arms of his, his head uncovered, and his long flaxen hair flying in the wind, Joe was fighting a terrible battle with the bull. I ran to the fence, and my sister and I stood fixed to the spot watching the combat.

* * * * * *

They let us look upon his face as he laid there in the front room of my father's house that night, I remember it so plainly. There was a smile of defiance on the dead face, the eyes, which had been so vacant, were closed, the high forehead might have been that of a Shakespeare.

My father shed tears as he said then:

"You can't always tell where you will find a hero."

And I believe it.

MERVYN CARTWRIGHT.

Digitized by Google

# THE FINAL WAR

BY

## LOUIS TRACY.

*Author of "The Shadow Hand," "An American Emperor," "The Lost Provinces," etc.*

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### Across America in Sixty Hours.

A change indeed had swept over popular sentiment in America.

All those little outbursts of irritation, those fretful taunts at the Mother Country, those frail manifestations of national hatred, of which so much had been made in the past, showed themselves to be superficial and unreal. In part, these were evoked by the calm assumption of superiority by Englishmen who travelled in the dominions of America; in part, too, the stern mastership of England, strong in her centuries of honourable growth, and resting on foundations set long back upon the elements of national character, was galling to a young, unsettled country. And, in lesser degree, these excitations were but the signs of increasing strength—the "growing pains" of a great nation.

But deep below such fitful and transient moods there remained in the heart of the United States a strong and abiding love for the Old Country. No one who knew America doubted her constancy.

Wayward, impulsive, she might deceive herself in days of calm and prosperity. But it needed only the presence of danger, the loud imperious call of kinship, for her to cast off her indifference and reveal herself as she is, the western branch of the great Saxon race, the other England, one with Britain in blood, in history, in language, in feeling, in character, in destiny.

This was what had occurred.

As from day to day came news of repeated dangers threatening England, American opinion became restive. The Jingo party in the Senate mourned to find their speeches no longer applauded; Presidential messages failed to charm. Horror of horrors, even the great name of Monroe, though interjected skilfully where enthusiasm was most wanted, fell cold and dead upon an ungrateful people.

"Jehosh!" exclaimed one patriot, "it's mortal slow at Washington with nothing but Monroe, Monroe, Monroe, morning, noon, and night. If these blamed pulpit-slappers imagine that the whole American nation is going to exist for ever on Monroe, they'll find themselves darned well mistaken. It's about time for a change of menoo!"

And they soon had a change of "menoo."

The growing excitement in the country, finding an outlet in demonstration and public meetings, gradually spread to the great American journals, and began to sway the opinions of Congress. And when it was whispered that Russia had joined the allies, and would attack the defenceless shores of the great home of the Saxon race, there swept through the States a convulsive shock which rocked the very throne of Government, and threatened to tumble down President, Cabinet, and party, in disastrous and utter collapse.

The Democrats sought for a brief moment to stay the storm and pacify the tumult of public opinion.

At a meeting of Congress, the Government spokesman hurled forth anew the mystic name of Monroe, and bade his fellows remember their duty to the doctrine of neutrality on which American polity was based.

It was at this point that Jeremiah P. Sloker, of Wilmington, Pa., achieved undying fame.

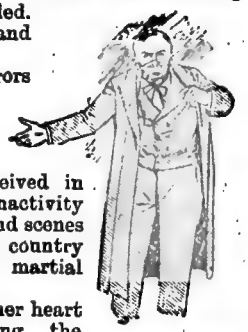
Springing to his feet, he rushed into a wild and turbulent speech, passionate with sympathetic feeling for England, and then in a vehement peroration he declared:

"Mr. Speaker, we have heard too much of the Monroe doctrine (Loud cheers). Are we such hoodoos that we have only one string to play on, and like a superannuated fiddler ding away at it till everyone's distracted? Who was Monroe? An excellent gentleman who made a very sound remark. We appreciated his remark, and we treasured it up. But I guess he's dead. It's high time to dandle a fresh baby in the face of Europe. It is quite as easy to make a new doctrine which will have just as much authority. *I*, sir, am, I trust, an excellent gentleman. And *I* will make a very sound remark (laughter and cheers). And you may call it, if you like, the Jeremiah P. Sloker Doctrine. And this is what my doctrine is. It is our duty, sir, to remember the claims of kindred, to succour our brethren, to assist those hard pressed in unjust war, to fight for truth and liberty. We must side with those of our blood who call upon us for our help and ask us to renounce our selfish, indolent, and impious inactivity. (Loud cheers.)

"There, gentlemen," continued the orator, turning round suddenly to the house, "that is the Jeremiah P. Sloker Doctrine, and I'll back it against Monroe's as I would a lively infant against a mummy." (Loud cheers.)

Digitized by Google

The extraordinary speech acted like a spark on gunpowder. The whole House, save for a small knot of Ministerialists, was enthusiastic. The real inward feeling of the American nation prevailed. Two days later President Cleveland was constrained to declare war.



He rushed into a wild and turbulent speech.

In that one act all his former errors were forgiven and forgotten. No Minister had ever had the opportunity of doing so popular a deed. The silence and indifference with which he was received in Washington during his weeks of inactivity changed to enthusiastic ovation and scenes of wild excitement. The whole country was inflamed with the fire of martial ardour.

For it was what America in her heart yearned for. To stand among the nations, no longer youthful, immature, undeveloped; no longer to be patronised as a land of promise; no longer the excitable irresponsible country which older civilisations indulged with a smile; but as a strong man, equal in power, in wealth, in wisdom to the oldest great peoples of the earth—this was what she had so ardently desired.

And now she had stepped forth, free from boyhood's privileges, a giant into the arena, and was standing side by side with England—the ally and defender of the greatest country that the world had known.

At last would commence her real national history—the history of a people made one by suffering and by activity. For she could not look back upon her first melancholy war with England, still less on the ghastly struggle amongst her own sons, and regard these as the prouder epochs of her life. Civil war cannot make a people great. America longed for some such splendid struggle as this that was now before her, a struggle against all Europe, as the starting point of a new and glorious period in her history, as something which would give her character and solidity, and establish her place firmly amongst the nations.

Excitement grew keener still when the newspapers published a telegram of quite extraordinary novelty. Had such a message ever passed between two nations before? Thus it read:

Queen Victoria desires through President McKinley to thank the American people for their generous action. The cause of both nations must for ever be the same—to give to the whole earth freedom and abiding peace.

From north to south, from east to west, the great centres of population throbbed with high resolve.

Throughout the marvellous changes of climate and soil and sky and country which make the vast continent so mysterious, there was the same eager animation, the same desire to swell the ranks of the newly-created army.

States hoary with civilisation, and States yet rugged with crude primitive life, vied with each other to send forth battalions.

Had the Americans had their own way, a volunteer army of five millions would have been raised in a week.

"Everyone's helping," observed Hiram K. Thatcher, "and it's deuced funny. Who ever saw our chief cities all singing the same tune before?"

"They each want to do their share," said someone to him.

"I guess so," was his reply. "And they're well fitted to divide the business between them. Boston can do the thinking, 'Frisco the fighting, Chicago the feeding, and New York the paying!"

Even the Universities were aflame. A battalion of 1,000 strong came from Harvard and Yale—fine, manly, well-exercised young men whom baseball and rowing had formed into superb specimens of their race.

The standing army was not large, but Americans soon adapt themselves to military requirements, and General Smithson, who was in command, had no trouble in drafting to Boston and New York 100,000 men who formed the First Army Corps for service in Germany. Owing to the vast distances in America and the delays rendered necessary by questions of outfit, the whole of these were drawn from the eastern states lying within reasonable distance of the two ports of embarkation.

This was a blow to the City of the Golden Gate. The San Franciscan does not care to wait for his excitement. He wants it quick, and he swore loudly when he sniffed the battle from afar and found that he was left out.

It was sad, and sad beyond all others to Mr. William J. Ritchie, commonly called "Gu," on the authority of certain ingenious persons who translated his first name into Spanish. He was a gentleman in whom activity was almost a disease, and who was equally at home in a bluff at poker and in holding up a Mexican card-sharper. He was a familiar figure in most European capitals, and had the useful faculty of making his visits memorable by business deals which brought himself many fortunes and left the older civilisations the better for some excellent lessons in commercial smartness. He was now enjoying the fruits of a season spent largely in Tattersall's, where he made himself dreaded for his luck and popular for his princely way of celebrating it.

And now, at first mention of a war, his restless spirit yearned for triumphs in a new sphere, for it was his firm conviction that operations on the Stock Exchange and Turf fitted a man admirably for strategic manœuvres in the tented field.

He read with joy the proclamation that any American who raised and fitted out a regiment of 800 men became *de facto* its Colonel, and in less than twenty-four hours he had gathered round him such a body of San Franciscans as was calculated by every appearance to excite apprehension in the German mind.

Now Col. William J. Ritchie knew General Smithson, so he took care to wire him asking that he might be permitted to join the First Army Corps. General Smithson was a good friend, but he was also a wily soldier. He found he had no room for the gallant Colonel, for the first expedition was absolutely full. But he also knew that there were only three days and a half before the date of embarkation, and that his prompt consent would enable him to confer a favour of which Colonel "Gu" could not avail himself. Thus, duty and friendship seemed thoroughly harmonious.

But herein the General over-reached himself. He had not thoroughly estimated the resourcefulness of the Westerner.

Colonel Ritchie's heart gladdened when he received the telegram, and he was soon in deep conference with the railway officials. Shortly before lunch that day he calmly informed his friends at the club that he would have to leave them. He intended to join the First Army Corps for Europe.

They looked at him in amazement.

"My dear fellow," said one of them, "it's 3,000 miles to New York."

"Three thousand odd," corrected the Colonel gravely.

"And you have three days and a half!"

"Yes," he admitted cheerfully. "A good margin for accidents."

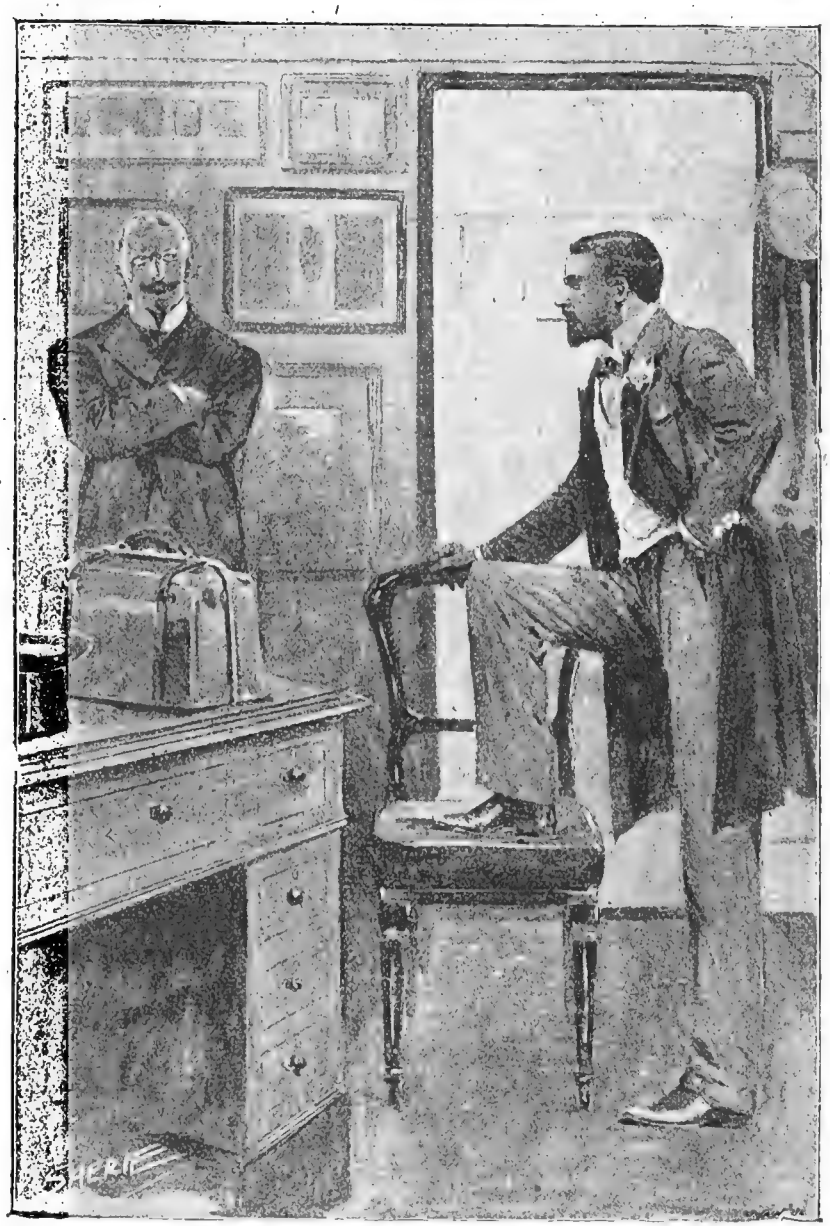
"But look here, old man," exclaimed another. "You must be jesting. The fastest train takes six days. And even if you work miracles, what about your men and their uniforms, their arms and accoutrements!"

"By Jove, yes!" responded Ritchie reflectively. "Really it's high time I saw to that. Ta, ta! It'll take me till lunch. Don't begin till I come back."

And he calmly left the room.

Unconcerned as were his movements he lost no time. He drove to the office of a well-known contractor, armed with a

Digitized by Google



"Say," he said, "I guess you are open to a deal."

small portmanteau, which he dumped down on the table.

"Say," he said, "I guess you are open to a deal. Now, I want 800 military outfits delivered complete in twenty-four hours, with all arms and accoutrements. Mustn't be a moment late or you fall flat. Can you do it, or must I go lsowhere?"

The contractor looked at him in a startled sort of way. But he knew his man.

"It's a bargain," he said. "I'll do it at two hundred dollars a head."

"Good!" exclaimed Colonel Ritchie. Then, opening his portmanteau, he discovered it full to the top with hundred dollar bills. He counted out 1,600 of these with much solemnity, and as the other proceeded to check them he sat down and rapidly wrote a form of agreement.

When the contractor had perused this document he smiled. For he saw that his apparently nonchalant customer had added these words: "400 dollars to be forfeited for each and every fit-out unfinished." But he signed without a murmur. Colonel Ritchie got back as his friends had commenced on the soup. He sat down unconcernedly.

"That bit of business has cost me twenty-five cents," he complained.

"Twenty-five cents! What do you mean?"

"For a stamp: look at it." He carelessly tossed the paper across the table, and went on with his lunch.

He had left himself only two days and a half, or sixty hours, for the journey of 3,000 miles across America. The feat looked impossible. But Ritchie regarded nothing as impossible. He calculated that by maintaining a uniform rate of fifty miles an hour he could just manage it.

The railway officials whom he interviewed were first amused, then amazed, then impressed by his proposal. When Ritchie drew out his cheque book and began to figure out sums of money they were half won. When he spoke of patriotism they agreed to consider it. When he pointed out the tremendous advertisement they would get they were convinced.

Immense excitement was caused by the announcement of this extraordinary journey. The difficulties were stupendous.

But the companies were American and energetic. By telegraph, twenty engines with cars complete, were stationed at equi-distant points along the road. Each set would run for 300 miles, and the passengers would then change cars during motion by the attachment of another engine and train placed back to back. Every minute of delay was thus obviated, and the journey would be practically unbroken.

Could it be done? That was what everyone asked, in particular the New York papers, and not least of all General Smithson.

On Tuesday the Colonel and his company entered the train, with the 800 uniforms and accoutrements duly delivered, and left San Francisco amid ringing cheers, and the train dashed off on its wonderful journey.

Fortune favours the brave. The arrangements were perfect. At the same superb speed, aided where needed by additional engines—the train flew along, passing towns and cities and villages, across vast plains, up mountain slopes, through verdant valleys. Everywhere along the line scattered groups of spectators assembled to gaze at the sudden apparition of the spectral train, which seemed to disappear as soon as it came in sight. And as it flew past there came to the occupants the sounds of cheering. It was a journey unparalleled in railway annals.

Digitized by Google

Within, the troops had a good time. They were terribly crowded, but poker and revolver practice varied the tedium and difficulties of the way. Nor was there lack of drink and infinite smoke.

But the leader of the party was serious. He passed most of his leisure in walking from one engine to the other. Every time that the hour's run showed below fifty miles he offered the engineers fifty dollars to bring up the average in the next spin.

They invariably succeeded, but they burnt the fire-boxes out of fourteen engines.

At midnight on Thursday, the train drew up at the Central Station, New York. It had completed the journey in sixty hours exactly, and without a moment's unnecessary delay. Accompanied by a whole city of shouting and cheering admirers, the regiment marched through the streets to the quay-side. They were in time!

General Smithson smiled grimly when he saw them, for he had been compelled to charter an additional steamer.

"We must make room, I suppose, Colonel," he said to Ritchie. "And if we are a bit crowded by your men, at least I can say that there will always be space available in my army for such an officer as you!"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### In the Fatherland.

"Vas iss dass?"

"Das iss von telegram from der Kaiser."

They were not Germans, but New Yorkers, who spoke in this strange tongue, the lingo of the cheap clothes store in the vernacular of the American humourist. They stood on the deck of a transport which, out of sheer curiosity, had approached too near to the fleet under command of Sir Nowell Salmon, at that moment engaged in the second and more serious bombardment of Tronning.

As a consequence, the alert gunners on the shore forts, knowing the damage they could effect by striking an unarmoured ship, had sent a range-finding six-inch shell screaming over the foremast, and in obedience to an imperative order from the Admiral the transport rapidly stood out to sea again.

But it was not for long that the combined armies of England and the United States were thus kept in a state of inaction.

Admiral Mahan's ships, added to the tremendous array of British vessels which composed the three squadrons commanded by Sir Nowell Salmon, Admiral Fitzroy, and Vice-Admiral Erskine, made up a flotilla against which even the strong fortifications guarding the western entrance to the Kiel canal were of little avail.

For three long weeks the best troops of Germany, headed by their Emperor, had spent themselves in vain against the lines of Stralsund.

Sir Evelyn Wood had harassed them terribly. If they delivered an assault in force and retired after several hours of fierce and ineffective fighting, they were at once subjected to a bitter counter-attack by fresh troops hurried up by rail to some unexpected point.

When the German generals prepared a trap for this second instalment of the British plan of defence, it was either not forthcoming, or took the form of a feint which provoked and wearied the Germans.

It must be remembered that the country immediately behind Stralsund offers extraordinary difficulties to the effective manœuvering or concentration of troops, and there was no element of the impossible in a splendid British force being thus able to resist the whole of the armed strength of Germany.

The secret of Sir Evelyn Wood's success lay in the fact that the enemy could not get at him.

Truth to tell, the Kaiser Wilhelm behaved magnificently during this disastrous period. Untiring, undaunted, unostentatiously heroic, he inspired his soldiers by his presence and example. Where danger and difficulty were most intermixed the Emperor shared both with his men. The arrogance and petulance of his showman days were gone with the trivial considerations now perforce banished by the stress of the war.

The train dashed off on its wonderful journey.

His really powerful nature was developed and broadened by adverse circumstances. Unfortunately for his own happiness, he was still an actor, and what his histrionic ability had lost in naturalness it had gained in art.

For the cheerful, self-denying, valiant Emperor, who had ever a pleasant word for all ranks, and a resolute bearing in the field, was secretly tortured by the knowledge that he had been led into a foolish and disastrous war.

The quiet tenacity of purpose displayed by England, coupled with her brilliant achievements during the earlier stages of the campaign, had opened his eyes to the realities of the case. At first it was preposterous to suppose that Great Britain could stem the torrent that poured down upon her. But she did, and even pressed back the tide. Maddening as was the thought, it seemed that she might succeed from the outset against the fearful odds she was called upon to face. Now that the United States had joined her there was no longer speculation but probability, nay, even certainty, of the allies being defeated.

His kingdom impoverished, his people torn by faction, his throne in danger, no wonder that the Emperor mourned in solitude or sought a glorious death at the head of his devoted troops.

But fate had better things in store for him. Great monarch as he was, his personality was a mere item in the strange sequence of events which this, the last of all wars among civilised nations, was destined to produce.

Thus it chanced that whilst his officers and men did not spare themselves in rescuing him from obvious peril, they were aided and abetted by no less a personage than the British Tommy. For the latter could not be taught to regard the Kaiser as other than a pronounced comedian. Every camp joke centred round him and his acts. No canteen song failed to have reference to him, and stories of his prowess and oddities were in all mouths.

So Tommy took care not to kill him. That is to say, whenever a battery had a clear chance of sending a shell at the Imperial staff, it was purposely directed elsewhere, and a corporal of the 1st Royals boasted during the rest of his days that he once spared the Emperor's life during a cavalry *mêlée*. "I could have given him No. 2 as clean as a whistle," he said, "but I didn't fancy having a smack at the Colonel, so I jobbed a Uhlan in the eye instead."

There was not the slightest doubt that, apart from the chances of war, the Emperor must have been killed or wounded by direct design of his opponents if they had so chosen.

An intolerable feeling of helplessness paralysed the German staff. It is easy, therefore, to understand that an absolute thrill of joy manifested itself when it became known that Tronning was occupied by a mixed force of English and Americans, under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. At last they would meet their adversary in the open.

Lord Wolseley had courteously offered the chiefship to General Smithson, but that sturdy veteran declined the honour

Digitized by Google

"I allow that I am here to do my share of the fighting," he said modestly, "but the quarrel is yours, and your men must carry it through. I calculate that we've got to see you ain't licked."

The Duke of Connaught had gained his proud position by sheer merit. His soldierly qualities were such that he must have risen to high rank in the Army were he quite destitute of the accidental help of Royal birth.

Whether in India or in Aldershot his tactical skill was often manifested in divisional operations, and in Egypt he had seen something of the actualities of war under the distinguished general who was now intrusted with supreme control of the British armies. So well was his worth known and appreciated by the people of England, that everyone believed his selection to command the second German expedition to be a wise and unprejudiced one.

Moreover, he had accompanied Sir Evelyn Wood to Stralsund, and the practical value of his acquaintance with the arrangements then made soon bore fruit when he came to dispose his forces on shore.

It will simplify matters if the main idea of the subsequent operations be now briefly outlined.

The Duke's first business was to seize the Kiel Canal, and, with the aid of the fleet, to capture Kiel, the strong fortress which dominates the Baltic end of the water-way.

He was concurrently to concentrate his forces upon Neuminster, where three lines of railway, that from Heide on the north-west, Rendsburgh on the north, and Kiel on the north-east, converge.

His next forward movement would be towards Oldesloe, where he might expect to meet serious opposition, whilst to left and right of his front lay the fortified towns of Lubeck and Hamburg.

If he succeeded in breaking through this difficult barrier, Sir Evelyn Wood would forthwith advance upon Rostock, and thence strive to join the Duke of Connaught somewhere in the neighbourhood of Wittenberg on the Elbe, whence a combined effort could be made to reach Berlin.

In England much uneasiness was felt concerning the outcome of the new departure, and more than one speaker gave voice to this sentiment in the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour silenced these doubters in a sentence.

"This war cannot end," he said with solemn emphasis, "until we have either occupied Paris, Berlin, and Mo cow, or the rulers of our enemies have sought for peace upon terms to be dictated by us."

Thenceforth there was no questioning, but grim perseverance towards the yet distant goal.

At first the Duke of Connaught was much puzzled to know how to deal effectively with his curious allies. Personally accustomed to the rigid and punctilious methods of English military life, he was astounded at the seeming carelessness of detail that obtained among the United States troops. Indeed, he was secretly scandalised by their free and easy methods, and by the unwonted familiarity between officers and men.

But he was far too keen an observer to fail to note that beneath all this outward laxity there was an unfailing obedience, a strong sense of duty, and a readiness to make light of difficulties which went far to atone for the absence of external discipline.

Anxious to meet their views to the utmost extent, he consulted General Smithson upon the matter.

"You must leave 'em to me, Prince," said the U.S. commander, with a quiet twinkle of mirth in his eye. "Send along an aide-de-camp or two to act with brigadiers when you want your ideas explained, but, for goodness' sake, tell the gentlemen in gold lace to leave things alone once they are in motion! My men do the thinking for themselves, and they'll get cross if they're expected to fight like machines. They'll obey orders all right enough, but they must be left to carry 'em out in their own way."

"I assure you, General Smithson," replied the Duke, "that it was furthest from my thoughts to dream of interfering in any way, save to seek your full co-operation in my detailed scheme, of which you will always know the complete scope and purport. I was thinking rather of commissariat and departmental arrangements."

"Nearly every man in the crowd has been accustomed to help himself since he was able to walk," said Smithson, indicating his vast army with a comprehensive sweep of his field-glasses. "If the eatables and ammunition are alongside, Prince, they'll get 'em all right."

The Duke smiled genially and the conversation ended. He trusted to the future to elucidate all matters of which he was in doubt, and it did.

An effective column was constituted for the occupation of Neuminster. It consisted of 5,000 British and 5,000 American infantry, with a strong backing of guns and cavalry.

From Hamburg and Lubeck a somewhat similar German force had been thrown forward along the Ahrensbok line. Unknown to both parties, a race ensued for the possession of Neuminster, and of course the defenders won by some hours, as the resources of the country were fully at their service.

Viscount Falmouth commanded the little expedition, and with him, as the lawyers say, were Colonel Ritchie, in charge of the United States troops, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. G. H. Gough, of the 14th Hussars, with his own regiment, the two regiments of volunteer cavalry, including the Middlesex Yeomanry, and Colonel Lockyer, A.R., with the guns.

The Germans . . . placed Neuminster in a state of defence.

The Germans speedily took advantage of their priority in time to place Neuminster in a state of defence. Field works were at once started on the north of the town, houses loopholed, roads barricaded, and guns mounted in advantageous positions.

After a severe march across the level and sandy plains of the Sch'eswig-Holstein peninsula, the British advance guard met and drove back the German cavalry scouts, and Viscount Falmouth rode rapidly to the front to try and ascertain the enemy's disposition.

"They are strongly posted," said the Brigadier.

"Guess we'll have trouble before we see the inside of the town from this end," said Ritchie.

Something in his voice caused Lord Falmouth to look at him.

"Don't you think we ought to deliver a direct attack?" he inquired.

"I guess not," was the reply. "They're kinder expecting it straight away, and they'll raise us a hundred before the draw. All their preparations are made to meet us on this side, and I think it will pay to be a bit shy of coming in on their terms. Now, supposing the guns and horses were to stop here and keep all snug whilst we squirm round to the rear of the town, it will upset their pot. There can't be any shelter trenches on the south, and our German friends won't fight any better because they are cut off from any possible help."

"In other words," said Lord Falmouth, who knew the language of poker, "if we ante high enough, they won't feel inclined to bluff."

Digitized by Google

"That's a principle of the American Constitution," answered Ritchie.

General Reichshoffer was puzzled to account for the delay that ensued. True, his guns were actively engaged by the British artillery, and a cloud of skirmishers enveloped his front, but there was an absence of the definite attack which he expected.

The reputation enjoyed by his assailants did not warrant any assumption of undue timidity on their part, and at last the German general lost patience.

He sent out three regiments, supported by a battery and two squadrons of cavalry, to conduct a reconnaissance in force.

The line of British skirmishers fell back steadily before this development, and the guns also were compelled to change their position.

Anxiously watching the progress of events from a church tower, Reichshoffer was still more astonished as he beheld this manœuvre.

Elated by his success, the commander of the reconnaissance allowed his men to get a little out of hand in the eagerness with which they achieved their task, and he did not see the rapid detour made by Gough's horsemen through a slight declivity, with the evident intention to take the advancing Germans in flank. From his elevated position, Reichshoffer perceived the movement clearly enough, and he roared orders from the balustrade to a staff officer beneath, to ride his best and recall the detachment.

It was too late.

Barely had the officer started on his mission, when the rattle of rifle-fire in the rear distracted attention to the determined attack now being delivered in that direction, and long before the aide had reached the reconnaissance party, Colonel Gough had dissipated them into thin air, capturing their guns and cutting the cavalry support into ribands.

The beautiful order and precision of the German forces in Neuminster now gave way to the wildest confusion.

A rush was made to line the hedgerows and garden walls on the south of the town, but before an effective defence could be arranged, the 7th Pennsylvania and the 1st Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment, were racing up the Markt Strasse.

The struggle for the possession of the town was short but stubborn. It was characterised by more than one noteworthy incident of personal bravery on the part of both attackers and defenders.

A German officer, deserted by his company when a fierce onrush was made by the Derbyshires, stood alone in the centre of a narrow street.

His sword-arm was broken by a bullet, but he calmly drew a revolver and fired steadily three times into the mass of his assailants. The Englishman leading the advance called upon him to surrender, but the gallant Brunswicker's reply was a bullet which ripped off his adversary's shoulder-knot.

An instant later he was knocked down, and it is to the credit of the chivalrous Tommies that they did not give him a vicious bayonet thrust as they passed, for he had wounded two of their comrades.

An American officer, cheering on the leading company of the 7th Pennsylvania, who had now penetrated to the north end of Neuminster, carelessly leapt his horse across a barricade and rode forward for a few yards.

He was momentarily separated from his men, and at that instant half-a-dozen Uhlans, returning precipitately from the wreck of the reconnaissance party dashed up to him.

Half frenzied with the sudden collapse of their assumed victory, the Uhlans resolved to pay off the score in the person of one enemy at least. It did not seem that the life of this fine soldier from West Point was worth a moment's purchase.

But he was an excellent horseman, and cool as an iceberg. Pulling his charger back on to its hind legs and wheeling him simultaneously, at the imminent risk of a headlong fall, the American disconcerted the aim of the first two lances levelled at him, and received a sword cut on the forte of his own weapon.

Yet another lance darted forward, but again missed, for the West Point man had bent forward on his horse's neck and fired a revolver shot under the animal's head. More by luck than design, the bullet found a resting-place in the thorax of one of the six, but still the odds were terribly uneven.

Grasping his rifle by the barrel, he smashed off the stock against the head of the first Uhlan he encountered.

The Uhlans were desperately in earnest and heedless of their own safety, for rifle-shots were now whistling through the crowd, as the men realised that they must risk hitting their officer if they would save him.

But a remarkable diversion occurred just then. A youthful but gigantic private of the Derbyshire Regiment, who had early grasped the niceties of the situation, caught a riderless German horse on the near side of the barrier, jumped on to his back, and in a few powerful bounds was in the midst of the fray.

Grasping his rifle by the barrel he smashed off the stock against the head of the first Uhlan he encountered. He raised the heavy weapon again to put it to a similar use, but only in time to save himself from a well delivered cut from a man on the near side.

Carried forward by his first wild rush, the Derbyshire man was driven, unarmed, between two of the Uhlans. Never losing his head for a fraction of a second, he saw that neither was ready to lunge at him, so he threw out his arms, kicked his charger fiercely to urge him on, and succeeded in dragging both of his opponents backwards out of their saddles. He clashed their heads together as though they were feather pillows, and flung the pair senseless to the ground.

By this time the American had run one gentleman from Brandenburg through the body, and the sixth having got clear of the *mêlée*, galloped off in the hope of escaping. But the officer rode after him, and within a few yards the Uhlan threw away his sword and raised his right arm aloft in token of surrender.

The West Pionter trotted back towards his rescuer, held out his hand, and said heartily: "Shake!"

The Englishman responded as cordially, and then dismounted to rejoin his regiment.

Lord Falmouth had witnessed the whole incident. Leaning over towards an officer of the Derbyshires, he said:

"What is the name of that youngster?"

"Oh," was the reply, "that's Jones of Balliol."

"Jones, of Balliol?" repeated his lordship, puzzled by the glibness of the answer.

"Yes. He failed for Sandhurst, so his father hoped to cure his thickheadedness by sending him to Oxford for a couple of years. He has won undying fame by getting himself chucked out of the Empire last boat-race night at 8.15."

"The Duke must know of this," observed his lordship, and the acute reader can be trusted to understand which of the two incidents he meant.

Anyhow, Jones of Balliol came out of the campaign a better man than he went it, for he commanded a company in his own regiment.

*(To be continued.)*

Digitized by Google

# TWO FRIENDS.

PIERRE DURAND and Jacques Duval had been brought up together, so to speak.

As small boys their parents, friends of long standing, had taken them to play in the Luxembourg, and it was while making sand-houses that their intimacy had commenced. A little later, when short trousers had taken the place of kilts they had been sent to the same pension. Seated side by side at their studies, always in the same classes, they had continued to see each other regularly every day. Their fondness for each other was so great that they were not contented with merely their hours of work in common, but when Sunday came they passed the afternoon together at the home of one or the other. From the pension to the Lycé, from the Lycé to the Business College, their affection had only increased.

When the time came for starting into business, as each one judged the other perfectly indispensable to him, they decided to form a partnership. And, in fact, it was a very happy idea for the house, "Durand & Duval, Wholesale Hardware Merchants," enjoyed an unequalled prosperity.

Durand and Duval lived in the same building in which they carried on their business, and went downstairs at seven every morning, and worked industriously in the shop until seven in the evening, thus affording their clerks an example of faithfulness overseeing everything, and, on occasions, not even disdaining to serve a customer. They allowed themselves barely an hour at noon for luncheon, and, it is needless to add, took this meal together.

In the evening they were the last ones to leave the shop and go upstairs to dine.

Of course, the thought of attending a theatre or dance without the other had never occurred to one of them. Besides, no one of their acquaintances would have thought of inviting one without the other. To their friends, Pierre and Jacques formed a sort of household which one would have hesitated to break, and, usually, one invitation did for the two. One wrote as naturally "Monsieur Durand and Monsieur Duval" as one writes "Monsieur and Madame Dupont."

Pierre and Jacques—have we said that they were the same age?—were in their thirty-third year at present, and this existence which they were leading seemed as if it were to continue indefinitely, when a cable dispatch from America came to break up the monotony.

An uncle, of whom Jacques had formerly been very fond, had fallen ill in New York. He summoned his nephew to him.

Pierre, to whom Jacques read the message, uttered a cry almost of anguish.

"And you are going away?"

"But, my dear friend, I must go! If it were merely a question of money I should not hesitate to refuse to go. We are rich, happy, accustomed to our way of life, and I would not for a good deal run the risks of such a long journey and leave you all the care of our business; but it is a sick man who calls for me—and a poor man, which is a greater reason why I should go."

"You are right, my friend; you must go."

And Pierre pressed Jacques' hand.

"At least, don't stay too long," he added. "Remember that I am alone here, and how desolate I shall be without you. You will see something new your mind will be taken up studying the ways of a new country, which you have never before seen——"

"Yes; but if I make any friends there I shall have to leave them on my return—and you are sure to find me unchanged towards you—while you, you will go about by yourself, you will amuse yourself, you——"

Here the voice of Jacques trembled a little.

"You will perhaps meet someone you will wish to marry, and then what is to become of me without my lifelong companion?"

"But I never think of it."

"No, not now. But you may think of it. At times, I have seen in you already a tendency in that direction. You have resisted it up to the present, a little through love of your liberty, and a great deal on account of your old comrade and because you fear his sarcasm—but once away from me——"

"Do not fear that, my friend! I have no more desire than you have to put a chain about my neck, and what would become of our card games and our fine walks in the evening? No, indeed; have no fear!"

Jacques packed his trunk, telegraphed for a stateroom, and that very evening set out for Hayre accompanied by his old friend, who bade him an affectionate farewell at the pier.

Jacques was kept three months at the bedside of his uncle, whose recovery was slow. Regularly twice a week the two friends wrote to each other.

Jacques' letters were always filled with accounts of his

Digitized by Google

health, his new existence, the interesting customs of this new and clever people. He did not neglect, in his correspondence, even to give his partner the most minute information concerning the hardware business in the New World, and to advise some changes suggested to him by the good, practical sense of the Americans.

Pierre's letters had, on the contrary, gradually diminished in interest and length. Toward the last he had sent but notes of a few lines, as if he were afraid, if he wrote at length, of letting some secret, which he was trying to guard, escape him.

This brevity, of course, had surprised Jacques.

What is this mystery? he wondered.

But, as the hour of return was approaching he had silenced his curiosity, certain of soon being enlightened as to the reasons for this new attitude of his friend.

"I shall arrive this evening.—Jacques."

When Pierre received this telegram he turned pale and called to his wife.

"Jacques is coming back, and I have never dared to tell him of our marriage."

"Really; this very dear friend, of whose disapproval you stand in such dread! When I think that it was fear of his blame which made you hesitate to marry me——"

And putting her arm round the neck of her husband Madame Durand seemed to reproach him for his lack of eagerness.

"Yes, I confess it," said Pierre, smiling. "I hesitated, but not for long; and these beautiful eyes made short work of my indecision."

A kiss finished the sentence—from which it was easy to conclude that if Jacques' opinion had had a moment's weight with his friend, the latter did not to-day regret the step he had taken. He added, however:

"Poor Jacques! this will be a blow to him! Just think, we lived together so closely united—when I remember that he is expecting to take up our life again in our old apartments——"

Madame Durand smiled.

"Are we not better off where we are? And what ever pleasure you found in the company of your old friend, are you not happier here, pampered by your wife? Pampered by two women, for my sister lives with us."

"Certainly; and if I have a regret, my dear, it is for not having known you sooner; but it is not myself that it is a question of just now, but Jacques. What will be the best way to break it to him?"

"Come, don't get nervous. There are two hours yet. He doesn't get here till seven. Before that we may perhaps find some ingenious method."

"Yes; I beg of you, my dear, think of some way. I trust myself to you. I am so troubled, so worried at the thought of his consternation——"

"Take courage. Women are more clever than men, and I have hopes of arranging everything. Let me consult with my sister."

* * * * *

Jacques had just entered his home—their home he still believed.

Pierre was awaiting him, and the two friends fell into each other's arms.

"At last I see you again," said Jacques, after the first greetings were over; "and now you will explain to me the mystery. When I think that in your letters——"

But he did not finish the sentence, his glance fell on Pierre's coat, a coat of the latest fashion and cut, which contrasted strongly with the clothes he used to wear—generally worn to the thread. From the coat his eyes rose to the cravat—and what a cravat! Brilliant in colour and so artistically tied!

"Did you tie that cravat?"

The proof of the crime was obvious. Pierre did not even try to deny it. He had no desire to, besides.

"No; I did not."

"A woman did—only a woman could have!"

"Yes; I am married!"

"Unhappy man!"

A little later, and it was the word "wretch" which Jacques, in his anger, let fall.

The other excused himself as best he could.

He said:

"It was a chance which did it all. She is so charming, so pretty! I met her one evening—at Martin's. They had invited you and me—I was bored all by myself—I went—I did not suspect anything, I assure you—she was there—I was conquered at once—and you would have been, too, I am sure of it."

"Oh!"

A gesture of denial from Jacques, but Pierre continued.

"Yes, you would have been—to see her was to love her. If you could know her! what grace! what charm! Ah, you will not be long in understanding me—come, and you will pardon me!"

"Never!"

"At least you will dine with me this evening?"

"Indeed, no!"

It took a good half hour for Pierre to persuade his friend, but at last he yielded.

"Yes; I will go with you, because I do not wish to appear to sulk; but it is purely from politeness, and that I may not seem to be on bad terms with my partner's wife—for now it is all ended. I see very plainly—I have no longer a friend, only a business partner!"

Pierre made no answer to this, but his moustache hid a slight smile.

They started to Pierre's home. On the way Jacques thought. "What a fool Pierre is! I am sure his wife must be ugly-looking or ill-tempered. A widow, he said—doubtless a good schemer, who worked upon his 'naiveté.' Oh, it's enough to make one laugh!"

On their arrival Pierre presented him.

"Madame Durand, my friend, Jacques Duval!"

Jacques was all ready to salute her coldly, but at the sight of the pretty face he saw before him his coldness vanished, and he met her with a compliment.

"I am delighted, madame."

And, in a low voice to Pierre:

"You rascal, but she is charming!"

Pierre excused himself for a moment.

"I leave you two together—get acquainted!"

And Jacques was invited to come and sit upon the divan by the side of the mistress of the house.

At the end of ten minutes he was completely won over.

She talked to him on the subjects in which he was most interested, as if she guessed his taste and preferences.

She was a most charming listener, and suddenly he found himself envying his friend's fate.

"She is absolutely delightful, this woman! What luck Pierre is in! Ah, I understand how for such a woman he could renounce bachelorhood, and I have not the heart to wish—"

Digitized by Google

The dinner was delicious, and Jacques had to admit to himself that he had never had a better appetite.

"You will come to-morrow, of course," Madame Durand said to him on leaving.

"I?"

"Yes; to-morrow, and every day—I wish it."

"But——"

"You must, otherwise I should reproach myself, for not for worlds would I be the cause of coldness in your relations with my husband."

And as Jacques still hesitated, "I wish it," she said, and laid her white, soft hand lightly on his.

"So be it, I obey," Jacques answered, moved by this unexpected caress.

An adorable smile rewarded him.

The next day Jacques returned, and the next, and every day of that week.

"Well, what do you think of my wife?" Pierre asked him, when the two were alone together in the shop.

"Ah, my friend, I think her——"

An expressive gesture completed the sentence.

"Then you no longer disapprove?"

"Say rather I was a fool ever to blame you—if I had been in your place, I——"

"It makes me very happy to know you and my wife are congenial. Just think how I should have felt if you had not liked each other! I only hope it may be lasting, and that you may not change your opinion."

"I change my opinion about your wife? The more I see of her the better I like her, my friend."

"Heaven help you!"

And saying this the rascal Pierre had the same enigmatical smile under his moustache.

That happened which was bound to happen.

Submitted daily to the same influence, entertained by the amiable conversations of his friend's wife, touched by the marks of affection which she lavished upon him, flattered by the importance which she seemed to attach to his slightest word, Jacques passed helplessly through all the gamut of sensations and suddenly—he had been home not quite two weeks—he recognised the fatal truth, he was in love with Madame Durand.

"Well, this is fine," cried the poor man, when he had looked clearly into his own heart. "What must I do now?"

"As soon as the shop closes you will join me?" said Pierre.

"No," answered Jacques; "don't count upon me this evening."

"Why not?"

Jacques tried to make an excuse, but it would not come.

He hesitated, stammered, and urged by the questions of his friend, he ended by bursting into tears, and telling the truth:

"Ah, my friend, I am a wretch, I love your wife!"

"Very well, marry her!"

"What?"

"You idiot! Do you think I should have submitted to such a course if I had not known where it would end? But it is not my wife that you know. The same day of your return she went into the country—and I am going to telegraph to her to return this evening. You will like her, too, I am sure; but, by the way, it is her sister with whom you are in love, and nothing hinders you from marrying her."

"Ah!"

"Come, shake hands, brother-in-law."

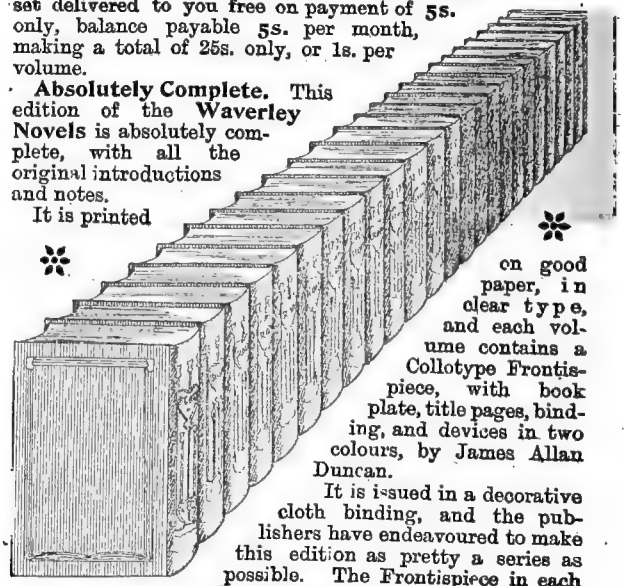
G. KENNEDY.


# The Pearson Idea

Is to give the public the most and best for the smallest; in other words, to give them high-class literature, and plenty of it, for a small sum.

## A SHELF FULL OF BOOKS FOR 5s.

Our latest sensation in the way of cheap literature is our edition of the **Romances of Sir Walter Scott.** Entire set delivered to you free on payment of **5s.** only, balance payable **5s.** per month, making a total of 25s. only, or 1s. per volume.



**Absolutely Complete.** This edition of the **Waverley Novels** is absolutely complete, with all the original introductions and notes.

It is printed on good paper, in clear type, and each volume contains a Collotype Frontispiece, with book plate, title pages, binding, and devices in two colours, by James Allan Duncan.

It is issued in a decorative cloth binding, and the publishers have endeavoured to make this edition as pretty a series as possible. The Frontispiece in each volume will depict the principal heroine of the volume in question, such as Rebecca of "Ivanhoe," or Flora Melvor of "Waverley." The series consists of Twenty-five Volumes.

The cheapness, combined with the generous style of this series should render it an event to all lovers of class fiction, who ought certainly to find in it the edition of Scott which combines most advantages, including that of being the cheapest artistic edition ever published

### LIST OF VOLUMES:

**Ivanhoe; Waverley; Guy Mannering; Old Mortality; Rob Roy; The Antiquary; The Heart of Midlothian; The Monastery; The Abbot; Kenilworth; The Pirate; Peveril of the Peak; The Bride of Lammermoor; The Legend of Montrose and Black Dwarf; The Fortunes of Nigel; Quentin Durward; St. Ronan's Well; Red Gauntlet; The Betrothed and Highland Widow; The Talisman; Woodstock; The Fair Maid of Perth; Anne of Geierstein; The Surgeon's Daughter and Castle Dangerous; Count Robert of Paris.**

## 14,000 PAGES OF READING FOR 5s.

### MONTHLY PAYMENT ORDER FORM.

*The Publisher, C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.*

PLEASE send me the twenty-five volumes of the **Waverley Novels,** carriage paid, as advertised by you. I inclose 5s., and agree to make my next payment of 5s. when I receive the twenty-five volumes, and my succeeding payments on the corresponding day of each month following. Until I have paid you the whole 25s., I engage that the volumes, not being my property, shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise.

*Signed* _____

*Address* _____


Digitized by Google

PYN-KA

THE WONDERFUL METAL POLISHER

The Lustre Lasts!

Pyn-Ka Leaves no Scratches!

Cleans and burnishes gold, silver, plate, copper, brass, nickel, tin, glass, etc., better, quicker, and at less cost of labour and money than any other polish known.

Paste or tablets, 1d. to 6d. All dealers.

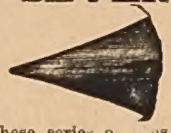
MAYNARD'S CHEAP POPULAR MUSIC. Songs: "How Can I Break the News," "The Empty Chair," "My Little Birds can Tell," "Come Back, Forget, Forgive," "English Rose." Just Published: Song and Fantasia on above popular melodies, by Ezra Read. All 2d. each. Post free, 2½d. Lists gratis. Trade supplied.—R. Maynard 58 High Street, Bloomsbury.

£20 Tobacconists Commencing. Set I.ld. Guide (250 pages) 3d. How to open a cigar store, £30 to £2,000 Tobacconists Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. The largest and original house (50 years reputation. Mgr., H. Ayers

NOSE MACHINE. This is a contrivance by which the short cartilage of the nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument an hour daily for a short time. Price 10/6, sent free for stamps. ALEX. ROSS, 62, Tavistock's Road, London, opposite Bedford Row. Est. 1850. Parcel free from observation.

PALATABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR COD LIVER OIL. DEVONSHIRE CREAM (Really Genuine). In Patent Air-tight Tins. ½lb., 10d.; 1lb., 1 4 1lb., 2 4 including Tin and Postage. MRS. CONYERS, MORCHARD BISHOP, DEVON.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



C. BRANDAUER & CO'S CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

These series of pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. An assorted sample box for 7 stamps from the works, Birmingham.

TRILENE REGD TABLETS THE ONLY CURE for STOUTNESS Registered by GOVERNMENT Price 2/6

ALL FAT PEOPLE speedily Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency Permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are very agreeable, harmless, and never fail to PRESERVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of diet. Reduction begins immediately.

An English Countess writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Miss HEYWOOD, 77 Hindhill Street, Heywood, Lancs., says: "I am 21lb. lighter, and my rheumatism also seems cured."

MRS. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road Ross, Hereford, says: "Am reduced from 13 st. 8 lb. to 11st."

MR. CANHAM 87 Alexandra Road, Norwich: "Tablets cured my wife of extreme stoutness; that never returned."

LADY CONSTANCE CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am very pleased with the Tablets."

PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN writes from Laudsberg, Austria: "Pray send your excellent Tablets directly."

COUNTESS G. FURSTENBERG, Starkenheim, Germany, writes "They act speedily and well."

MR. BUTLER, Surgeon, Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient lost more than stone.

Send 2/6 to THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66 Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

Don't Cough-use

They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.

The Unrivalled

One Lozenge alone relieves. Sold everywhere, Tins 13½d. each.

Keatings Lozenges

PIANOS. UPRIGHT IRON GRAND.

Complete Iron frame, Brass Pin Plate, Nickel-bolted Wrest Plank, Check Action, Full Trichord, Full Compass, Riveted Hammers, Handsom Walnut Case, Inlaid Marqueterie Panel, Sconces, Trusses, etc. Tone and touch perfect. Guaranteed 25 years. 28 guineas, at 10/6 per month. Delivered free on payment of 10/6. Approval. Catalogues Free.

ORGANS. GENUINE AMERICAN.

Imported Direct. Solid Walnut Case, Mirror Top, Music Case, 2 Knee Swells, Mouse and Dust Proof, 8 Stops, 3 Sets of Reeds, 14 Guineas, at 6/- per month. 10 Stops, 3 Sets of Reeds, 2 Octave Couplers. 15 guineas, at 7/- per month. Illustrated Lists Free. Kindly mention this paper.

THE LONDON AND LIVERPOOL PIANOFORTE CO., Granby St. & Selborne St., LIVERPOOL.

Agents wanted where not represented.

10,000

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AMOUNTING AT ORDINARY RETAIL PRICE TO £625,

Also £100 IN FREE MONEY PRIZES,

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY

As follows:

1st Prize £50 To Competitor solving four or more of the Puzzle words below correctly, or if more than one, then equally among them.

2nd Prize £25 To Competitor solving three of the Puzzle words below correctly, or if more than one, then equally among them

3rd Prize £15 To Competitor solving two of the Puzzle words below correctly, or if more than one, then equally among them.

4th Prize £10 To Competitor solving only one of the Puzzle words below correctly, or if more than one, then equally among them.

Having purchased the entire stock of a large Christmas Card Firm, at considerably less than half the original cost of production, as well as several other important lots at ridiculously low prices for cash, we have decided this year, for the first time, to deal direct with the Public instead of through the shopkeepers, and are making up monster packets (sold in the ordinary way for at least 3/6), containing one dozen choice assorted Christmas Cards, for 2/- per packet, Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom (Foreign Postage, 1 - extra). With each of these packets, by way of advertisement, we shall present gratis to every purchaser a most interesting, instructive, and amusing Christmas present. This article is sold retail at 1/3, and is in great demand for winter evenings.

In addition to this, the above £100 Free Cash Prizes will be given away amongst the competitors who can make out the correct names of one or more of the six stone fruits, which the following mixed letters will spell, viz.,

RRHYEC, EEEGGGANR, CHEAP, LUMP, TAPIOCR TARNICENE.

The only conditions Competitors have to comply with to qualify them to receive one of the above Christmas presents, and to compete for the Free Cash Prizes, are as follows: Send in your solutions, and enclose Postal Order for 2/- for our Monster Packet of Christmas Cards, together with stamped addressed envelope for sending your Prize Money at the close of the Competition. The packet of Cards, and the Christmas Present, will be sent upon receipt of your order, but the Prize Money will not be forwarded until a few days after the close of the Competition, which will positively be on Thursday, December 22nd, 1898. Competitors are advised to send in their orders without delay. Address: FINE ART COMPANY, 92A Isledon Road, Holloway, London.


Digitized by Google

# AIDS TO ACCURACY.

In the Christmas number of *Short Stories* will begin a new serial by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, author of "Captain Kettle." It will be entitled "Sandy Carmichael," and will be profusely illustrated. Do not fail to tell your friends about it.

Amateur.—Next time you endeavour to take your baby's photograph, why not try the method adopted by a certain North country photographer, which, I am told, is a great success. He has a little kitten, which at these times he places on the top of the camera, and during the process a few pulls at the animal's tail suffice to make the animal active, and at the same time to fix the child's gaze.

R. D.—To keep a racehorse in even moderate condition in England, with proper attendants, costs £325 a year.

S. T.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that the pilgrims introduced into the presence of the Pope, kneel down and kiss his bare toe. The real facts of the case are that the pilgrims kiss a cross embroidered on the toe of one of the shoes which His Holiness wears on these occasions.

Uni.—The unicorn was one of the supporters in the naval arms of Scotland. When James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the throne of England as James I., he introduced the unicorn as a support for the Royal arms in substitution of the red dragon of Wales, introduced by Henry VII. The fabulous animal has the head, neck and body of the horse, the legs of the stag and the tail of the lion.

W. E. S. asks: "Are there any parts of the body that do not grow old with the advance of years?"————The brain and the heart, if properly used, do not grow old like the rest of the body. The nutrition of the brain is specially provided for by Nature, and thus remains vigorous to the last. With regard to the heart it is a well-known fact that it attains its greatest development, in both men and women, in old age.

T. H.—I am told that the Prince of Wales's daily correspondence amounts to five and six hundred letters.

W. H.—Yes, it is true that the majority of the book-keepers and cashiers employed in Japanese business houses are Chinamen. They are given the preference for such positions because of their honesty. Although it is commonly understood that a Chinaman will cheat if he gets the chance, as a matter of fact, if he is entrusted with money he keeps it safely, and if, in making a promise, he utters the words "Can do," these words are as good as a bond.

P. B. asks: "Do the muscles of the face ever grow tired?"————Rather, if you use them sufficiently. Anyone who has spent the best part of a morning in the dentist's chair knows for himself. Caricaturists are often troubled with this complaint. After an hour or so of contorting their faces in the efforts of trying to assume the expressions of other people, they find it necessary to rest their faces, either by lying down for a few minutes, or to go out for a walk with the determination to look at things and not at people.

P. P.—Paper made from seaweed is a growing industry in France. It is so transparent that in some instances it has been used instead of glass.

Nellie writes to ask why a photograph often looks so grotesque in a looking-glass.————Both sides of a face are hardly ever alike, and when a photo is seen through a looking-glass, the differences are exactly reversed, and the peculiarities belonging to the right side are seen on the left side, and *vice versâ*. This often entirely alters the expression of the face, and so makes it quite unlike the original portrait when seen through a mirror.

Athlete anxiously inquires whether gymnastic exercise is at all likely to check a man's growth.————I should say not. A man is not made of indiarubber or any such substance of the kind, that can only be increased in breadth by diminishing in length. I should not be surprised, however, if great muscular development would not tend to slightly check a weedy growth. In any case, it might easily appear to do so, for a well-proportioned man of six feet never gives one an impression of as great a height as a lean and lanky individual of the same stature.

Litho.—The best lithographic stones are obtained from Bavarian quarries. These quarries are approaching exhaustion, and the stone is consequently increasing in price.

An American Reader of *S.S.*, who is also an ardent cyclist, writes to tell me what riding in the prairies is like. "Of course," he writes, "the chief feature is the almost total absence of hills. For hundreds, and, in certain directions, thousands of miles, one can spin along the trails without encountering a hill big enough to affect one's speed either way. For the greater part of the year the old Indian trails, now the generally accepted roads of the country, are as wide as a waggon, and the smooth surface is composed of a very thin layer of soft soil that makes one think he is riding over velvet. The great and only drawback to cycling on the prairie is that when the wind blows you can only ride in one direction.

H. B. N. asks: "How long should one stay after a formal lunch?"————The usual thing to do is to go back to the drawing-room for a short time, and take one's departure after the lapse of about half-an-hour.

N. H.—Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, write to each other as brothers and sisters. Reigning grand dukes also enjoy this privilege when addressing kings, but monarchs not possessing royal honours are designated as cousins.

D. W.—The scientific reason given for the curly nature of the African's hair is that the curls deflect the rays of the tropical sun, thus preventing their more severe penetration into the brain. In the transmission of light it is a law that every intervening object with which a ray comes in contact bends and diverts it in another direction.

B. B. D. asks: "Can you tell me when it first became fashionable to go out of town during certain seasons of the year?"————This is such a very ancient custom that it is impossible to tell you when it originated. Evidence is gathered from the Egyptian monuments that the leading members of the aristocracy had large estates in which their mansions stood, and upon these were kept horses, cattle, poultry, and a large number of servants. The contemporaries of Cicero not only dwelt in Rome, but at certain seasons left the city, and went to reside in their villas on the shores of the Mediterranean.


## *SHORT STORIES'* ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Single column, per inch, per insertion ... ... ... ... | £0 | 10 | 0 |
| Double ,, ,, ,, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Half-page ,, ,, ,, ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Quarter-page ,, ,, ... | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Eighth-page ,, ,, ... | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Front page, whole ,, ,, ... | 12 | 10 | 0 |
| ,, half ... ... ... | 6 | 5 | 0 |

All spaces above one-eighth of a page are charged at per page rate.

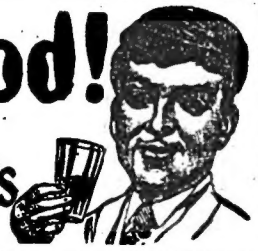
Series discount: 5 per cent. for 18, 10 per cent. for 26, 15 per cent. for 52 insertions.

Back blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Tuesday, Nov. **29th**, if intended for the Issue on sale Dec. **13th**, and dated Dec. **17th**. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.


Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

# MAKE PRIME BEER AT HOME




EXTRACT OF HERBS

6D. BOTTLE MAKES 8 GALLONS

NON-INTOXICATING BEER

The most palatable refreshing tonic drink producible.

IMITATED but NOT EQUALLED

Of all Chemists and Stores. Also try Mason's Wine Essences and Mason's Coffee Essence. Sample bottle of either of above post FREE for 9d. Two, assorted, 1s. 3d.; Three, assorted, 1s. 8d. *Agents Wanted.*

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

*The BEST BEVERAGE for YOUR MEALS.*

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

SALE NOW OVER SIX MILLIONS YEARLY.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

*Prepared only by the Proprietor,*

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR.

## *WHY INDUCE HEART DISEASE TO CURE YOUR HEAD*

When you can get a real *safe* remedy like **KAPUTINE?**

Dr. Thurston, Licentiate, of the Royal College of Physicians, writes November 16th: "Knowing the formulæ from which KAPUTINE is compounded, I unhesitatingly recommend its use in preference to crude Antifibrin and other synthetic drugs which, unfortunately for sufferers, are so commonly used for Headache, and which have undoubtedly injurious effects on the Heart, Brain, and Vescicle tissues generally."

**NOTHING LIKE KAPUTINE. NOTHING SIMILAR. NOTHING AS GOOD.**

*All leading Chemists sell it. Packets of 18 doses 1s. Sample 1d.*

### After 13 Years' Suffering, Cured for 1s.

The Rev. T. TAYLOR, Vicar of St. Bredward, Cornwall, writes: "Owing to a severe accident while riding, my wife has for the past thirteen years been subject to violent attacks of neuralgia. The relief she has experienced from KAPUTINE has been speedy and effectual. KAPUTINE, while it is efficacious in its use, is attended with none of the disagreeable after effects which she has experienced in the case of other drugs."

### After 10 Weeks' Suffering, Cured for 1d.

From Rev. J. H. BURN.

DEER RECTORY, MINTLAW, ABERDEEN,
NOVEMBER 8TH, 1897.

"My own cure with one dose of KAPUTINE was marvellous after ten weeks incessant neuralgia.

Used also by Her Grace the Countess of Cavan, Lady Dashwood, The Countess of Munster, Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Baker, etc., etc.

Nothing Similar. Nothing as Good. **KAPUTINE CURES HEADACHE IN 10 MINUTES.**

*If you enclose stamped envelope to A. M. Kaputine Ltd., Huddersfield, you will get free samples by return.*

KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR.

Advertisements should be sent to "Short Stories" Advertisement Department, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

# GIGANTIC AUTUMN SALE, 1898.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUES OF CARPETS, HEARTH-RUGS, TABLE LINEN, CURTAINS, etc., POST FREE, if mentioning *Short Stories* 26/11/98 when writing.

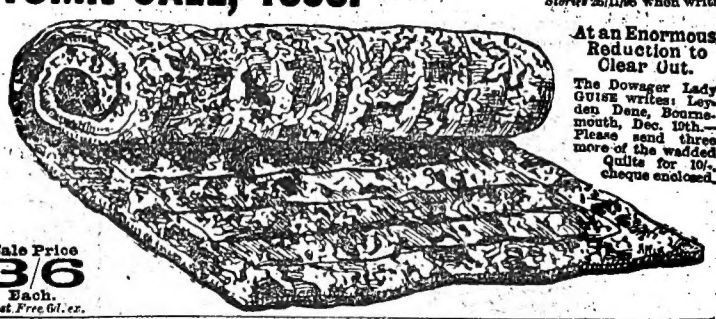
## A Stock of 10,000 PATENT WADDED QUILTS, TORALIUMS, OR BED COVERS

(as Illustration).

Covered with Oriental Reversible Soft Sateen with double border. Size 54in. by 60in. These Quilts are offered below anything in the Wholesale Trade, and cause the greatest consternation to the buyer, wondering how they can be produced for the money.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Three Quilts for 10/-, or Six for 19/6, or Twelve for 38/-



Sale Price **3/6** Each. *Post Free 6d. ex.*

At an Enormous Reduction to Clear Out.

The Dowager Lady GUISE writes: Leyden Dene, Bournemouth, Dec. 19th.—Please send three more of the wadded quilts for 10/-, cheque enclosed.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the "QUEEN'S ROYAL" Household

*Sale Price.*

## 2/- HEARTHRUGS (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6ft. long, and 3ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS, and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. SPECIAL OFFER.—Three for 5/9; Six for 11/3; Twelve for 22/-

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

## CARPETS (Regd.)

*Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.*

**Admittedly the Cheapest in the World.** *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. by 9ft. | 7/6 | | 10½ft. by 12ft. | 18/0 | |
| 8ft. by 9ft. | 9/0 | | 12ft. by 12ft. | 21/0 | |
| 6ft. by 12ft. | 10/6 | REDUCED | 9ft. by 15ft. | 19/6 | |
| 9ft. by 9ft. | 11/0 | SALE | 12ft. by 13½ft. | 22/0 | |
| 9ft. by 10½ft. | 13/6 | PRICE. | 12ft. by 15ft. | 25/6 | |
| 9ft. by 12ft. | 15/0 | | 12ft. by 18ft. | 30/0 | |
| 9ft. by 13½ft. | 16/6 | | 12ft. by 21ft. | 35/6 | |

Octagon Villa, The Lizard, R.S.O., 15/8/98.—J. OARWARDINE, Esq., writes: "I am very pleased with the Carpet you sent me. I have saved 50 per cent. by giving you the order. I paid half as much again to a local tradesman for Carpets the same quality a year ago. I have never been so pleased of any former purchase."

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real *Sale Price*

## BRUSSELS HEARTHRUGS 5/6

In Rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6ft. by 3ft., which for price, real value, weight and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—3 Rugs, 16/-; 6 for 31/-

"Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.

The Right Honourable The VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 30/-, one ditto 60/6 to match them. Cheque £3 14s. inclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

## REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4½ft. by 7ft. | 11/- | VELVET | 9ft. by 12ft. | 38/- |
| 6ft. by 9ft. | 18/- | PILE | 11ft. by 12ft. | 47/- |
| 7½ft. by 9ft. | 23/- | BRUSSELS | 12ft. by 13½ft. | 59/- |
| 9ft. by 9ft. | 28/- | CARPET | 12ft. by 16ft. | 69/- |
| 9ft. by 10½ft. | 33/- | SQUARES. | 12ft. by 18ft. | 77/- |

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/3/98.—Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9ft. by 9ft., 11/-? Cheque enclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

Also RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS, bordered to match, 18in. wide, 1/8 per yard; 23in. wide, 2/- per yard; 27in. wide, 2/3 per yard.

OUR NEW VENTURE.—Yes Two different Pattern Hearthrugs or Carpets for the Price of One! *(Copyright.)*

H.R.H. Princé L. of Battenberg. H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit Siam. Marquis of Breadalbane. Sir Henry de Bathe. Sir Henry Bellingham. Sir E. H. Blair, Bart. H.I.H. Eugénie de Christoforo. Princess Paleologos Nicephoros Duchess of Wellington. Marchioness of Breadalbane. Marchioness of Hastings. Archbishop of York. Princess de Croy. Commence.

To Readers of "Short Stories," 26/11/98, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value

**4/6**

(Regd.) We will send you THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, etc., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

SPECIAL OFFER—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS, 8s. [Cut this out.]

PRODIGIOUS SALE of the "PRUDENTIAL"

## TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS (Regd).

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

| Size. | Each. | | Size. | Each. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. by 9ft. | 4/9 | | 9ft. by 15ft. | 12/6 |
| 7½ft. by 9ft. | 5/11 | | 12ft. by 12ft. | 12/9 |
| 9ft. by 9ft. | 7/6 | REDUCED | 12ft. by 13½ft. | 14/6 |
| 9ft. by 10½ft. | 8/6 | SALE | 12ft. by 15ft. | 15/9 |
| 9ft. by 12ft. | 9/6 | PRICE. | 12ft. by 18ft. | 19/6 |
| 10½ft. by 12ft. | 11/6 | | 12ft. by 21ft. | 22/6 |

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

**A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Reg.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yd. long and 1yd. wide. Special Offer, Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.**

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUES OF CARPETS, HEARTHRUGS, TABLE LINEN, CURTAINS, etc., POST FREE, if mentioning *Short Stories* when writing.

*We rely upon Spontaneous Repeat Orders from our Clients for the maintenance of our Trade. Established nearly a Quarter of a Century. All orders despatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post.* N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free, and shipped at lowest rates. Telegraphic Address: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS." Telephone, No. 948. *Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—*

*Short Stories* CARPET COUPON. 26/11/98.

On receipt of this Coupon and P.O. or Stamps for amount, we guarantee to send any goods as above to your address in any part of the United Kingdom. Cash returned in full if not satisfied.

(Signed) F. HODGSON & SON.

# F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

## SPECIAL 1898.

SPECIALLY REDUCED INTRODUCTION

## SALE PARCEL WITH FREE GIFT

enclosed, consisting of

1. Magnificently Rich Cream-Coloured Curly Sheepskin Hearthrug, average size 6 feet by 3 feet, perfection in quality.
1 Beautiful Reversible Art Crimson Plush Bed Rug, Sofa Cover, or Table Cover, double warp, very heavy, size 50 inches by 78 inches.
2 Beautiful Silver Goatskin Door Mats, lined woollen cloth throughout, pinked edges, best finish, ornamental to any room.
1 Elegant Hair Brush, highly finished, with mirror back.

THE LOT **10/6**

Postage 9d. extra.

"Given" Away.

Providing *SHORT STORIES* Coupon, 26/11/98, is quoted, a FREE GIFT will be enclosed—a very handsome Electro Silver Plated "OWL" PEPPER STAND with coloured eyes and gilt feet. Cash returned if not satisfied. (Signed) F. HODGSON & SON.